

SINBAD



PERCY-MACKAYE

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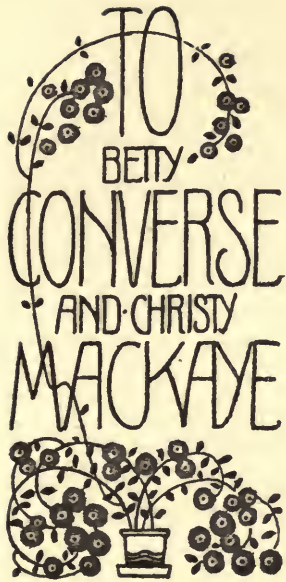
SINBAD THE SAILOR

THE
MUSIC FOR
THIS
PHANTASY
HAS BEEN
COMPOSED
BY
FREDERICK S.
CONVERSE

THE
DESIGNS FOR
THIS
VOLUME
HAVE BEEN
MADE BY
JOSEPH
URBAN

861346

TO
BETTY
CONVERSE
AND CHRISTY
MACKAYE

A decorative illustration featuring a floral wreath at the top and a vase with flowers at the bottom. The wreath is composed of a circular arrangement of small flowers and leaves. The vase is a simple rectangular shape with a small opening at the top, containing a bouquet of flowers that spill over the sides. The entire design is rendered in a black, hand-drawn style on a light-colored background.

CHARACTERS

OF THE PRELUDE

A Charcoal-Burner

His Daughter

OF THE PHANTASY

SINBAD THE SAILOR

BEAST

FLORIMOND } *An Enchanted Prince*

CASCHEASCH, *A Genie*

BOUL HABOUL, *Captain of the Thieves*

BEAUTY

THE PEACOCK LADY

THE STATELY LADY

Courtiers and Ladies of the Enchanted Court,

The Forty Thieves, etc.

SCENES

- PRELUDE *In the deep mid-winter woods. (No curtain falls.)*
- ACT FIRST: *In the Garden of the Singing Rose-Tree.
Toward evening.*
- ACT SECOND: *In the Castle of the Chiming Clock: Evening to midnight.*
- ACT THIRD: *The Same: After midnight till sunrise.*

PRELUDE
AND
ACT FIRST

Sinbad the Sailor

PRELUDE

In the deep forest it is snowing hard.

Through bare, frozen boughs the wind blows, dreary and wild.

Night is drawing on, and the spaces between the great trees are filled with dimness and the gray, driving storm.

Struck by its cold fury, a thorn-tree crouches in the deep snow.

It is old and stunted: at its heart the trunk is barkless and snapped off flat. About this tall stump scraggy boughs, with prickly leaves, writhe mournfully in the blast.

Not far from the thorn-bush, a black Figure, bent over, comes plodding with slow, painful steps. It is a poor CHARCOAL-BURNER, blackened by his trade. He is wrapped in a threadbare mantle. With one hand he leans on a rude staff, to which is tied a little bundle; with his other arm he supports the ragged form of a YOUNG GIRL.

For a moment they struggle silently against the storm.

DEAR God, dear God! Our way is lost: lead us home!
For the night comes down.
She is ill, my own poor child: she will die. The mouths
Of the biting storm
And the beasts of dark will devour us. Help! Show us
the way

To a warm home-fire.
 In this bitter wood
 Is nothing but fear and pain and weariness!

THE YOUNG GIRL

Father dear, have you forgot
 All our stories true and old?
 Always you have told me how
 In the wood where Beauty went
 Snow and ice and darkness turned
 To a garden, glad with flowers.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

Nay, those be dreams, dreamt in Arabian nights! —
 And lies! No poor folks live in fairyland:
 Haroun Al Raschid is not God.

[With a cry, as the young girl sinks down, overcome by the storm.]

— Dear child!

THE YOUNG GIRL

Father, in that snowdrift, see!
 A lady tall and beautiful:
 She waves her wand, and all the flakes
 Come round her head, like butterflies.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

[Trying to lift her.]

Rise up! The fever blinds ye.

[He staggers and falls beside her.]

— Ah, dear God!

THE YOUNG GIRL

[*Gazing into the falling snow, which begins to grow luminous.*]

She gives to every butterfly
A little broom, to brush away
The cobwebs of the storm; and now
In all the corners of the dark
They shake the sunlight from their wings.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

[*Praying.*]

Her soul is leaving, Lord! Send her Thy grace!

THE YOUNG GIRL

Look there! — all ivory and gold
And crystal, carved with flowers — are those
The pillars of a portico?

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

Those be the trunks of frozen trees.

THE YOUNG GIRL

And yonder the great castle door!

[*A wild cry howls through the storm.*]

Hush! Do you hear the Prince's voice
So deep and kind?

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

A wolf is near.

THE YOUNG GIRL

Oh, Daddy, do you smell that bush
Of climbing roses? In the midst
There is a dial for the sun.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

Child, 't is a thorn-tree, shrunk and old.

THE YOUNG GIRL

But what are those, with tinkling bowls
And silver sickles, coming out?

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

The icicles break in the wind.

THE YOUNG GIRL

They 're dancing round it and around!
Who are they?

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

Snowflakes and dead leaves.

THE YOUNG GIRL

Oh, hark! What is the rose-tree singing?

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

The wind is moaning in the thorns.

*[From the thorn-tree floats elusive music and, as Father and
Daughter sink further down, overwhelmed by the storm,
soft, elfin voices sing:]*

THE VOICES

Trust not what seems :
 Lovely Truth transforms forever.
 Joy without her dreams
 Comes never — never.

[In the midst of the sifting storm, the thorn-bush has become encircled by dancing, wraith-like forms.

Then, with gradual transformation, the thorn-bush begins to bloom, revealing itself as a climbing rose-tree, in the centre of which is a sun-dial. The Dancing Forms are those who are singing :]

Take not to task
 Time, that Love is oft ill-spoken
 Till his ugly mask
 Lies broken — broken.

[The snow has become rainbow-colored, then disappears wholly, revealing the forest transformed into a radiant, oriental garden, blossoming with flowers, stately with terraces and the carved pillars of arcades at the back. On the left, a main path leads to the gigantic closed door of a castle. In the centre of this door glares a huge Knocker, grotesquely designed, in brass and precious stones, like a human face.

On the right edge of the scene, however, the snow still falls, and the dim, frozen forest overhangs — and forms a gray, silvery background to — the sunny bloom of the garden.

*There in the snow still lie the CHARCOAL-BURNER
and his DAUGHTER.*

*Near the centre of the space of bloom, the twelve Dancing,
Wraith-like Forms — now transmuted, no longer clad
in their snowflake draperies — are robed in rose-color.
In their hands six of them bear shining silver sickles,
which they wave to their motion, while the other six
carry shallow, round opium-bowls of burnished copper,
which blaze like miniature suns. From these they scat-
ter rose-petals, as they circle the rose-bowered dial, in
their song:]*

All that takes breath
In the lap of change reposes :
Deep in the heart of Death
Are roses — roses.

ACT FIRST

During the final transformation of the scene, the Dancing Forms complete their song. While it is ceasing, the YOUNG GIRL in the snow slowly raises her head, gazes at the butterfly-winged Forms of the Dancers, and—rising—runs toward them in wonderment.

THE YOUNG GIRL
HE butterflies! The butterflies!

[As she crosses the dividing line between the wintry forest and the blooming garden, the GIRL's rags drop from her, and she enters the garden clad in a lovely dress of oriental color and design. Simultaneously, the twelve Dancing Forms vanish into the rose-bower. Looking for them, she stands bewildered.]

Where are they gone? — Where have we come?

Oh, Daddy, see the garden — see

The poppies and the peonies,

The dial, and the castle door!

It must be where the dear God dwells.

Come, come, and see!

[The CHARCOAL-BURNER rises in the snow and moves toward her.]

As he crosses the frozen line, his black rags, too, fall away, and he enters the garden clothed gorgeously as an oriental Sailor, with black beard curled and bristling eye-

*brows raised blithely above his broad, ingratiating smile.
He wears prodigious boots of many-colored morocco, with
curling toe-points and wide, flanging tops.*

Staring at him, the YOUNG GIRL starts back.]

Why, who are you?

Where is my father?

THE SAILOR

In his boots,

My dear: Behold him in his boots!

THE YOUNG GIRL

[Drawing back, as he thrusts forward a booted leg.]

Dear me!

THE SAILOR

What! don't you know your Dad?

Pray, let me introduce myself:

Sinbad the Sailor, and your servant,

Beauty, my daughter!

THE YOUNG GIRL

Beauty! I?

SINBAD

Look at your clothes!

[Flicking off some black rags, which still cling to her garments and his own.]

Our rag cocoons

Are burst, and we are butterflies!

BEAUTY

[Rapturously examining her clothes.]

All silk and gold! Oh, beautiful!
And was I Beauty all the while,
And you, dear Daddy, Sinbad?

SINBAD

Zooks,

We can't be always caterpillars.

[Tossing the rags into the snow.]

We're done with dirty chrysalises.

BEAUTY

[Fingering her dress, and lifting its folds.]

Oh, beads and lace and broider'd sleeves,
And shoes of pearl, and silken hose!

SINBAD

Parade dress goes with garden parties.

BEAUTY

Oh, will there be a party here?
Where are we?

SINBAD

By my weather eye,
Undoubtedly this is the garden
Of some enchanted castle. — Look!
Yon frozen shell of winter round us
Is cracked, and we, like happy scallops,

Live on the rosy hollow side
In pearly sunshine.

BEAUTY

Who has been
So kind to save us from the storm?
Who keeps this garden, Daddy?

SINBAD

Soft!

Soft! Let me smell the wind awhile!
I will discover.

[SINBAD moves among the flowers, smelling now one, now another, with smiling grimaces; then, holding his nose high, with his forefinger placed now on this side, now on that, he inhales prodigious sniffs. BEAUTY follows him, watching wonder-eyed. He approaches the castle door.]

By Nardoun!

Hello! Here seems a likely fellow.

BEAUTY

[Drawing back.]

Oh, what an ugly door-knocker!

SINBAD

He knows a thing or two, I'll bet.

[He salaams before the Knocker.]

Baba Abdallah, may your shadow
Never be less!

BEAUTY

[*Horried.*]

Oh, look! Oh, look!

[*The Knocker slowly extends a long, brass tongue.*]

SINBAD

Your shadow increases, Baba, I see!

Who is your master? Is he at home?

[*One of the Knocker's jewelled eyes slowly closes, with a lid of veined marble, and opens again.*]

BEAUTY

[*Pulling at SINBAD's sleeve.*]

Please come away!

SINBAD

Don't be afraid;

That was his left eye: We're in luck!

[*To the Knocker.*]

May we presume to rap you, sir?

[*The long, extended tongue of the Knocker lolls slowly downward, and hangs invitingly.*]

Now that's the way to talk!

[*SINBAD reaches up, but, standing on his tiptoes, cannot reach the Knocker.*]

I say,

That's just a bit above the heads

Of common folks.— Come down a peg!

[To BEAUTY.]

They're monstrous high and mighty here!
I'll have to lift you up to him.

BEAUTY

Not *me!* No, Daddy, no!

SINBAD

Hut-tut!

[*The forehead of the Knocker wrinkles downward.*]

You hurt his feelings. Look, he frowns.
A king's door-slave must be obeyed.
Come, Beauty dear, be brave and kind!

[SINBAD *sings*:]

A kind heart is a gentle thing,
And being gentle needs be brave:
Its gentleness subdues a king,
Its courage rules a slave.
Then she whose gentle heart is kind,
Though tongue of brass may shock her,
Yet heart of gold may lurk behind:
So, Beauty, mind the knocker!

BEAUTY

[*Sings*:]

A wry face is a dreadful thing,
And being dreadful needs be wrong:
It makes the soul to droop its wing,
The heart to lose its song.

Then she who shuns an ugly face
 Whose dreadful features mock her,
 Why should she look for lurking grace?
 Why should she mind the knocker?

SINBAD

Come, daughter, duty bids you do it. —
 At castle doors and human hearts
 No one can know who does n't knock.

[*He lifts her in his arms. The cheeks of the Knocker
 wrinkle upward.*]

BEAUTY

[*Shrinking back.*]

His dreadful tongue!

SINBAD

He licks your hand!

Look how he grins!

BEAUTY

What must I do?

SINBAD

Press down his tongue: Make him say — *Ab!*
 Then all is well.

BEAUTY

[*Fearfully — to the Knocker.*]

Please, sir, say *Ab!*

[*With quick, timorous reach, BEAUTY touches the long*

tongue, rapping it once against the brass chin. Instantly a deep, metallic moan reverberates within, and a long-drawn sigh echoes, as through hollow chambers of brass, the wistful syllable — Ah-h! BEAUTY listens, awe-struck.]

Hush! did you hear? What sighed so sad?

SINBAD

You touched his heart. I told you so.

Now knock once more.

[BEAUTY does so. The sigh is repeated more deeply.]

Three times for luck!

[Timidly, BEAUTY knocks a third time.

A deep, groaning sigh resounds, and the solid door begins to move slowly upward.

BEAUTY drops to the ground from SINBAD's arms, and starts back.]

BEAUTY

Oh, see, see! What is coming now?

[Holding SINBAD's hand, she moves slowly backward with him, staring where the great door majestically rises like a portcullis, the Knocker — as he disappears above — drawing in his tongue, and closing his eyes with up-rolled underlids.

Through the door space is visible a stately passage, with walls of many-hued mosaic.

Along this passage — to the music of unseen instruments — glides silently outward into the garden a blue marble

Table, upheld by the wings of sculptured Griffins and laid, for two, with dishes of gold, laden with dishes of colored fruits, truffled birds, candies, and appetizing dainties.

The legs of the four marble Griffins move sinuously — the two left-hand Griffins backing on to the scene with hunching, pardlike motion — as, slow and smooth, the Table follows SINBAD and BEAUTY, who back away before it, as far as the centre of the garden. Here, as they pause, it pauses.]

SINBAD

By Camaralzaman! — a feast!

BEAUTY

[*Very low.*]

Is it alive? It moved its legs!

SINBAD

Enchanted tables always walk!

[*Sniffing.*]

Selah! At last I smell a smell.

Come now, let's eat.

BEAUTY

Don't go too near!

[*Pointing.*]

What are they?

SINBAD

Griffins!

BEAUTY

[*Timidly, as the Griffins roll their jewelled eyes at her.*]

Won't they bite?

SINBAD

No more than lapdogs. — Here, be quiet!

[*Picking up two small truffled birds from a plate, he feeds them to the Griffins, who open their marble jaws and swallow the birds, relapsing into rigidity. SINBAD then takes a roast bird in his own fingers and begins to eat it, smacking his lips.*]

A nightingale! — Ha! Help yourself.

BEAUTY

[*Drawing near, tastes of the confections.*]

Oh, candied cherries — sugared quince!

[*Lifting a little crystal cup.*]

And what is this — some wine?

SINBAD

[*Examining it.*]

Now, by

My sage experience, this is
Some of the famous Golden Water.

BEAUTY

What's that?

SINBAD

Real Golden Water, child,
Always goes with a Singing Tree
And a Talking Bird.

BEAUTY

Is it good to drink?

SINBAD

This glassful here will make a fountain.

BEAUTY

A fountain?

SINBAD

Look!

[He holds the tiny cup above a great golden bowl in the centre of the table, and empties it into the bowl. Immediately, from the bowl, there gushes up a fountain radiant with golden lights. Leaping in the air it continues to play, its waters falling back into the bowl.]

BEAUTY

How wonderful!

SINBAD

Oh, no: on all true tipping-tables
It's quite the thing as a centre-piece.
But look!

[From the castle there glides forth a gorgeous divan. Upon

it are lying garments of bright-colored silk and jewelled ornaments.]

A magic wardrobe : just
The style !

BEAUTY

Oh, Daddy Sinbad — gold
And silk ! What a pretty pelerine !
Oh, goody, goody !

SINBAD

*[Lifting a heap of gleaming gold and jewels from a casket
and letting them slip through his fingers.]*

Here are rings
And bracelets —

BEAUTY

All for me ?

SINBAD

Of course !

[Helping her on with a silken mantle.]
So ! — Now I'll try a dinner jacket.
[He rummages among the silks and finds a resplendent oriental garment which he dons, while BEAUTY, looking about for a finishing touch to her toilet, spies the rose-tree and goes to it.]

BEAUTY

[Exclaiming.]

Oh, Daddy, see the climbing rose,
And in the centre — a sun-dial !

SINBAD

Take care, there, where you cast your shadow.

BEAUTY

[*Unheeding.*]

A rose! I'll pick a rose and pin it
Here! Then my dress will be perfection!

[*As she reaches to pluck one of the roses, a Voice from within
the bush sings.*]

THE VOICE

Beware!

BEAUTY

[*Startled.*]

Who sings?

THE VOICE

Beware!

SINBAD

Aha! What said I?—Singing Tree
Always grows by Golden Water.

BEAUTY

Just one red rose!

[*She touches the rose. The Voice sings shrilly.*]

THE VOICE

Beware!

[*BEAUTY draws back, with a sharp cry.*]

Oh, dear,

Oh, dear! It pricked my thumb.

SINBAD

[*Looking up.*]

What's that?

BEAUTY

It hurts; it bleeds!

SINBAD

[*Coming to her hastily.*]

Quick, let me see!

Your thumb?

BEAUTY

[*Showing it.*]

A drop of blood!

SINBAD

What luck! —

Here, here, don't suck it!

BEAUTY

[*Fearfully.*]

Will I die?

SINBAD

Red blood! And on your thumb — superb!

Now, by the pricking of this thumb,

Something strange our way shall come!

[*He takes from his boot a great jewelled dagger.*]

BEAUTY

[Sbrinking back.]

Oh, who is coming? What is that?

SINBAD

My dagger. — Put it on the point.

BEAUTY

Put what?

SINBAD

The blood ; the precious drop !

Be careful : on the very tip.

*[He holds her thumb, and carefully detaches the drop upon the dagger's point, which he then holds before him and sniffs triumphantly.]*Aha! The scent of bloody gore
Reeks to my expert soul once more!

BEAUTY

[Gazing at SINBAD, who begins to write upon the air with his dagger's point.]

Daddy, what will you do?

SINBAD

With this

Will I discover what we seek :
Cite, summon, invoke, incant
The enchantress of the Singing Tree.
Soon we shall see who rules this place.

[*Stooping, on the space before the rose-tree, SINBAD draws in the earth with the handle of his dagger a circle, in the centre of which he sticks the dagger, handle downwards, in the earth. Going then to the golden fountain, he scoops some of the water into a golden dish, which he hands to BEAUTY to hold, while he sprinkles from it upon the dagger's point, standing outside the circle, about which he dances, with great, booted strides and skips, while he sings — at the end of each verse salaaming to the dagger :*]

Golden Water, wax and flood
 Drop of virgin Beauty's blood!
 Egg of roc and griffin's claw,
 Hatch in wonder, hold in awe,
 Codadad, Deryabar,
 Zobeide, Schemselnihar!

Singing Tree, with song dispart
 Drop of virgin Beauty's heart!
 Caliph, Genie, Calendar,
 Bring with music, blaze with star,
 Medinas, Benihalal,
 Cogia Hassan Alhabbal!

Talking Bird, bid Time make whole
 Drop of virgin Beauty's soul!
 Hashish, Banja, Hebanon,
 Summon here the Secret One!

Schahariar, Schahzenan,
Cascheash, Camaralzaman !

[*With SINBAD's final salaam, there bursts from the top of the rose-tree a little shining cloud of butterflies, white and gold, in the midst of which rises, out of the sundial, the form of a beautiful and stately Lady, calm-browed and clad in rose-color. Above her head she wears a golden disc. In her hand she holds a silver sickle. BEAUTY stares and drops her bowl.*]

THE STATELY LADY

Who calls the Stately Lady from her calm ?

SINBAD

[*Prostrating himself.*]

Sinbad the Sailor, her obsequious slave.

[*Nudging BEAUTY with his foot.*]

Salaam !

[*BEAUTY prostrates herself.*]

Don't stare : it 's impolite.

THE STATELY LADY

[*To BEAUTY.*]

Who art thou ?

BEAUTY

Beauty.

SINBAD

[*Quickly.*]

So please your Highness !

[*Grimacing to BEAUTY.*]

. Always say,

So please your Highness !

BEAUTY

Oh! — So please your Highness !

THE STATELY LADY

Beauty, why did you touch my sacred rose ?

BEAUTY

It looked so pretty.

SINBAD

[*In a deep voice.*]

Please your Highness !

BEAUTY

[*In haste.*]

Please

Your Highness !

THE STATELY LADY

Child, you know not what you do.

It is my rose-tree you have made to bleed.

Its sap is beauty's life-blood and it blooms

In the heart of time. Who plucks at beauty's life

Beware, beware my thorn !

SINBAD

She will beware —

BEAUTY

[*In panic as SINBAD frowns and moves his lips.*]

So please your Highness!

THE STATELY LADY

Rise!

[*SINBAD and BEAUTY get to their feet — BEAUTY following
SINBAD's actions minutely.*]

Sinbad the Sailor,
You are a man of sage experience.

SINBAD

[*Smiling broadly.*]

You do me proud, Sultana.

THE STATELY LADY

You survive

Proudly your seven voyages.

SINBAD

[*Salaaming.*]

Praised be Allah!

THE STATELY LADY

Therefore I count upon you to instruct
Your daughter with your wisdom. — Promise me,
That she shall never more molest my rose-tree!

SINBAD

By Cascheasch, King of Genies, Stately Lady,
I swear.

BEAUTY

I swear too, Stately Lady, by —

THE STATELY LADY

[*Holding out her sickle.*]

By this, my silver sickle, swear!

BEAUTY

[*Touching the sickle.*]

I swear

By this your silver sickle!

THE STATELY LADY

[*Hanging the sickle on the dial.*]

That is well;

So here I leave my sickle for a pledge:

My son and I have long awaited you

And you are welcome to our home. — Enjoy

The Golden Water, hark to the Singing Tree,

But do not harm it, greet the Talking Bird,

But do not take her counsel. Learn of all,

But do not be misled by ugliness

Or fooled by finery. *Trust not what seems!*

[*The cloud of butterflies closes about her head, and she vanishes within the dial.*]

BEAUTY

[*With awe.*]

Oh, is she gone? Why did she go?
How beautiful and wise she was!

SINBAD

[*Nonchalant.*]

Enchantresses are all like that.

BEAUTY

She said her son and she had long
Awaited us. What did she mean?
Where is her son?

SINBAD

By Abou Ayoub,

Here comes the Talking Bird: we will
Inquire.

[*From within the corridor of the castle comes a sound as of chattering jays and screaming parrots, and against the mosaic is seen approaching a preening Female, clothed in blue-greens and purples.*

Her plumed head, with beaked forehead and bright, slant eyes, strangely resembles a peacock's; her glistening garment is overlaid with staring irises of peacock tails, and swishes the blue marble floor with feathery fringes.

Escorting her, two little Apes, in livery, bear trays, on which are crimson and green decanters and crystal goblets. As they draw nearer, the PEACOCK LADY sidles and

preens, perking and slanting her face ingratiatingly, while her bow-legged attendants bow low, looping up their tails behind them.]

BEAUTY

[*Gazing.*]

Is *that* a bird?

SINBAD

Just listen!

[*As the PEACOCK LADY cocks her beaked profile toward them, the chatter and scolding of birds make babble from within the castle, while she speaks.*]

THE PEACOCK LADY¹

Pree — pree — pree — pretty, pretty,
 Beau — Beau — Beau — Beauty, Beauty,
 Gree — gree — gree — greet-greet — greeting!

BEAUTY

[*Curtsying shyly.*]

How do you do!

[*To SINBAD.*]

Why, how she stutters!

¹ In the Peacock Lady's "stuttering" speeches, the first three measures of each verse-line are comparatively slow and cooingly stressed, the last two increasing in rapidity with a twittering staccato, which at times — when she is angry or excited — becomes a birdlike scream.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Perking and bowing to them both.*]

We we we we we
Entrea — trea — trea — entreat, entreat
You you to drink, to drink, to drink!

SINBAD

[*Bowing.*]

Your Lady-Birdship is most bounteous.

BEAUTY

[*Staring.*]

Thanks!

[*To SINBAD.*]

Can't she stop her stammering?

SINBAD

Hush! That's her little way of lipping
To be ladylike: Don't notice it.
She'll slow up soon when she gets easy.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*To SINBAD.*]

Goo — goo — goo — goo — good
Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah, wo-wo — won't you
Take a jug, take a jug?

SINBAD

Is this for both?

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Shrilly.*]

Each — each — each — each of you, each of you.

SINBAD

[*Helping himself to a decanter.*]

I'll try this one.

BEAUTY

[*Drawing back from one of the Apes, who extends to her his tray, speaks to SINBAD.*]

Why do they tie their tails in loops?

SINBAD

That's just their way of aping beaus!

[*To the PEACOCK LADY.*]

Your Goo-goo-ship, this glass I quaff
To your bright eyes!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Preening.*]

You are too witty, sirrah, too witty, too witty!

SINBAD

Too witty! How so?

THE PEACOCK LADY

To wit, sirrah, to wit: too witty to woo!
Tut, tut! Too witty to woo, 's too wise to wed.

[*She taps him coquettishly with her beak.*]

SINBAD

[*Bowing away backward, speaks aside to BEAUTY.*]

Allah! what a bird! She pecks me up
Like breakfast food. Look out for her;
She is the local villainess.

[*Salaaming solemnly to the BIRD.*]

Lady

Your most obedient early-worm!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Chee — chee — chee — cheer up, cheer up —
I won't gobble you! Drink your jug of juice up.

[*She swishes past him. SINBAD takes this opportunity to retreat between the two Apes and help himself to drink from right and left.*]

The PEACOCK LADY squeezes BEAUTY'S arm ingratiatingly and leads her away toward the rose-tree.]

Coo — coo — could you — could you walk a little?

BEAUTY

[*Goes with misgiving, looking back toward SINBAD, who is busied with the decanters.*]

Please: are we going far?

THE PEACOCK LADY

Just to the roses;

Have n't you had one? Hush! I'll tell you a secret —
I really do not stutter.

BEAUTY

Oh!

THE PEACOCK LADY

I merely

Pretend — to please the men-folks!

BEAUTY

Oh!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Yes: really

I'm not a peacock lady: I'm a princess!

BEAUTY

Oh!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Only I wear this face to charm the men-folks.
Men like us to be birds and wear fine feathers.
You saw how dazzled *he* was!

BEAUTY

Who?

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Glancing back.*]

Poor Sinbad!

But I'm so tickled you have come, my dear;
Our Prince will lose his heart to you! You're just
Perfect!

BEAUTY

Where is the Prince ?

THE PEACOCK LADY

You want to see him ?

BEAUTY

[*Eagerly.*]

Please, yes ! When will he come ?

THE PEACOCK LADY

He cannot come

Till you have cut one of his roses.

BEAUTY

[*Drawing back.*]

Oh,

But I have promised —

THE PEACOCK LADY

Ah, then, very well :

I see you never want to meet the Prince !

BEAUTY

Please, but I do !

THE PEACOCK LADY

Then you must cut a rose.

BEAUTY

Is that the only way ?

THE PEACOCK LADY

The *only* way !

That 's why the Stately Lady left her sickle —

[*Lifting the sickle from where it hangs, she offers it to*
BEAUTY.]

Come ! just one rose : then you will see the Prince !

You 'll hurt his feelings if you don't take one.

[*Moving the bough of the rose-tree near to* BEAUTY.]

BEAUTY

[*Gazing at the rose on the branch, which the* PEACOCK
LADY *offers enticingly.*]

I would n't like to hurt the Prince's feelings —

He was so kind to save us from the storm. —

And then, besides, it will be so becoming.

[*She takes the sickle from the* PEACOCK LADY.]

'T is such a pretty rose !

[*She raises the sickle to cut. From the rose-tree the voice of*
the STATELY LADY *sings. BEAUTY draws back,*
listening.]

THE VOICE

Once was a girl in a garden,

Naked and wild and free ;

She asked no leave or pardon :

She plucked of an apple-tree.

Though an angel there

Cried out : *Beware!*

She broke of the apple-tree :
 And a sword sprang out,
 And a sword sprang out,
 And pierced her mortally.

BEAUTY

Who is singing ?

THE PEACOCK LADY

No one is singing. Cut the rose.

BEAUTY

[*Raising the sickle.*]

It is a lovely rose.

[*She cuts off the rose with the sickle. Instantly it turns white, its green leaves become silvery, and the spray which she holds in her hand droops with glittering icicles. BEAUTY drops the sickle, holding the white rose, appalled.*]

Alas ! it freezes. — Look, 't is white !

[*From within the castle resounds a deep and terrible roar :
 "Ai ! The rose !"*]

Ah, me ! What voice is that ?

[*The PEACOCK LADY hurries toward SINBAD, who at the cry has thrown away his glass in consternation, while the two little Apes drop their trays in alarm, and jump upon the table.*]

SINBAD

Haroun

Al Raschid! What has happened?

BEAUTY

[*Poignantly.*]

Frozen!

'T is frozen, dead!

THE VOICE WITHIN THE CASTLE

[*Awfully.*]

A-i-! — Ah — oo!

[*Along the great corridor comes striding a terrifying creature. He wears a long purple gown; his head is shaped like a beast's; through his hair — shaggy like a lion's mane — peep two pointed horns; his face is human, but huge and malformed in feature. His hands are hairy, and clawed, and he clutches them, brandishing long arms, as he strides into the garden, roaring :]*

The rose! The rose!

BEAUTY

[*Screaming, rushes toward SINBAD.*]

Daddy, what's that?

BEAST

[*Roaring toward them.*]

Restore the rose!

SINBAD

[*Catching sight of BEAST, seizes one of the Apes bodily from the table, and holds it in front of him, sinking on his knees in terror.*]

Illabousastrous ! Allah preserve us !

BEAST

[*Seizes the chattering Ape, and hurls it away, glaring at SINBAD and at BEAUTY, who is hiding behind him.*]

My mother's rose ! — The enchanted rose !
Who dares to steal her magic rose ?

SINBAD

[*Furtively reaching for his dagger.*]

By Kosrouschah ! He 'll swallow us !

BEAST

Touch not the knife : I am the Prince.

BEAUTY

[*Peering over SINBAD's shoulder.*]

The Prince ! Ah, me, are *you* the Prince !

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Who has flustered past them to the castle door, screams back shrilly.*]

Cree—cree—cree — creat—creatures,

I 'll chee—chee—cheat — cheat you all, cheat you all !

[*Snapping her small black eyes, she swishes into the castle and*

disappears. From the table and the path, the little Apes leap, with tails on end, and scamper after her.]

BEAST

[*To BEAUTY.*]

Why have you broke the vow you swore
Upon the sickle?

BEAUTY

'T was the Bird—

SINBAD

It was the Bird, most beauteous Prince!

BEAST

Beauteous? Mock not! My name is Beast;
I am the Stately Lady's son;
From yonder castle hall I watch
To guard my mother's sacred rose.

BEAUTY

Spare us, Lord Beast!

SINBAD

Great Sultan, spare us!

BEAST

Spare ye? Have I not saved you both!

[*He points to the wall of winter surrounding them.*]

Behold the frozen forest boughs,
The falling sleet, the numbing storm,

The sculptured walls of Death! — 'T was I
Who saved you from that bitter wood
To bask in dreams and bloom of flowers.

BEAUTY

Oh, yes, it was so good of you.

BEAST

Heard ye not my voice in the storm?

BEAUTY

Oh, yes, I heard. 'T was deep and kind.

BEAST

Heard ye not how I sighed within
My castle yonder, when you knocked
On the great door?

BEAUTY

Oh, yes, I heard.

'T was deep and sad.

BEAST

Ye wretched ones,
Why have you done me, then, this wrong?

SINBAD

It was the Bird — the Peacock Lady!

BEAST

Thy spirit crawls, thou cringing slave!
It was thyself which art to blame!

For thou didst drink the Peacock's wine
 While Beauty cut the rose. Oh, shame!
 Begone! I banish thee alone
 Back to the bitter wood. Begone!

SINBAD

[Prostrating himself.]

Celestial Sultan, spare thy slave!

BEAUTY

Oh, spare him, gentle Beast. He is
 My father!

*[Pausing in his fierceness, BEAST gazes at her. His face
 changes and becomes wistful.]*

BEAST

Dost thou call me *gentle*
 And plead for him? Oh, gentler Beauty,
 Thy voice restores my soul to me.
 He is forgiven.

[He motions SINBAD to rise.]

Ah, but the rose!

[Sings.]

Who shall restore the fair, fair rose
 That's faded,
 When bitter fate hath plucked and froze
 And frayed it?

How shall cold joy be quickened, how
Unjaded ?

Oh, Beauty, Beauty, only thou
Can aid it !

BEAUTY

[Sings.]

Oh, how can Beauty help at all
What Beauty's hand hath ravishéd ?
Oh, rather let these petals fall
Than cling, so white and dead !
Alas, when lovely life is fled,
How may Beauty lift the pall ?

BEAST

[Sings.]

Perhaps she only sleeps — the rose
Which Beauty's hand hath ravishéd :
Perhaps her frozen leaves enclose
A heart rose-warm and red.
Ah then, if *we* are cold instead,
Time, the Stately Lady, knows !

BEAUTY, BEAST, AND SINBAD

[Sing together.]

O sleep, O death, O frozen rose
Which Beauty's hand hath ravishéd !
If love be dreaming or be dead,
Time, the Stately Lady, knows !

BEAST

Come, Beauty, will you follow me?
My mother shall reveal to you
How to revive her frozen rose.

BEAUTY

Lord Beast, I've broke the vow I swore
And that, I know, is very bad.
So I would follow blinding storm,
And black night and the bitter world,
To make this rose to bloom again.
So I will follow — even you.

BEAST

A-i! Am I so ugly then?

BEAUTY

Yes, you are very ugly, Beast.

BEAST

[*Yearningly.*]

Oh, look again! For long, long years
I have awaited you. O Beauty, —
Cannot you see? Cannot you see?

BEAUTY

[*Shrinking from him.*]

I see that you are terrible.

BEAST

[Bows his head, shuddering, then speaks with princely authority.]

Follow me where my mother waits,
And bring the rose before her throne.
The Stately Lady knows us all!

[He goes into the castle.]

BEAUTY

[Frightened, to SINBAD.]

Oh, Daddy Sinbad, please go first
And open all the awful doors
And see what hides behind them?

[She motions him before her into the corridor.]

Go!

SINBAD

[With a flourish.]

By Nardoun! If there be a thousand
Knockers, I'll press the tongues of all,
Till they say "Ah!" — Follow me, Beauty!

[He treads stealthily forward and disappears within. As he does so, the great castle door begins very slowly to descend.]

BEAUTY

[Watching it, appalled.]

Ah, see! The horrid Knocker comes
To shut me in the hall with Beast.

Dear garden flowers, good-bye! — Good-bye,
Bright Golden Water, Singing-Tree!
I know not if I'll see you more!
The rose is freezing in my hand;
Behind the door 't is growing dark;
I know not where I go — Good-bye!

[*Beneath the moving half-lowered door, from which —
above her head — the awful Knocker, through unroll-
ing eyelids, stares down at her, BEAUTY glides fear-
fully into the darkening corridor, and disappears behind
the still slow-descending door.*]

CURTAIN

ACT SECOND

ACT SECOND

A hall in the Enchanted Castle, ample and oriental in splendor: the deep blue ceiling is arched with domes and supported by columns. Between two of these, at back (right centre), on a painted wall-panel reaching to the floor, is the Portrait of a young Prince.

On the right is a throne of blue and green marble, enwreathed with a sculptured rose-vine. On this is seated a carved female Figure, half veiled, supporting with uplifted hands (like a Caryatid) a cloudy crystal sphere.

Near the Portrait (at back, right) a rich divan. Above this, a window of stained glass, its centre being in design a great rose. At right and left door-ways. At left of centre, the hall stretches back as a colonnade of rich-hued pillars. At the far end of this receding passage hangs a silk tapestry curtain, lighted by one hanging lamp.

When the scene opens, this lamp casts the only gleam through the mysterious hall. By its flickering glow, on the mosaic floor of the colonnade, is discernible a vague Figure, creeping with hands and knees on its belly. Slowly, squat like a turtle, it wriggles forward, pausing suddenly as a female voice warbles low, outside (on the left).



THE VOICE FROM THE LEFT

IRROUWEE!

[*Raising its head to listen, the dim Figure whistles a low warble in answer; then, scrambling to its feet, starts to*

tiptoe off left, as the voice of the STATELY LADY from the right sings close by.]

THE VOICE FROM THE RIGHT

Sinbad!

[The figure of SINBAD pauses, with a startled gesture, but begins to move off hurriedly, as the warbling sound is heard again on the left.]

THE VOICE FROM THE LEFT

Wirrouwoo!

THE VOICE FROM THE RIGHT

Sinbad, be not beguiled!

SINBAD

[In a scared voice.]

Which one are you?

THE VOICE FROM THE RIGHT

Behold my face.

[The cloudy sphere of the throne begins to glow with a radiance that vaguely lights the sculptured Figure which holds it, while above the large sphere there appears gleaming in the air a small sickle moon. The glow of these reveals more plainly the hall, and the figure of SINBAD.]

SINBAD

[Aghast.]

Moon-Lady, is your eye on me?

THE VOICE

Beware the Peacock's Bower!

SINBAD

Your slave

Bewares.

THE VOICE

Return to Beauty! Guide
Her steps, and ope my thousand doors.

SINBAD

Most slender Moon, your slave obeys.

[SINBAD rises, quaking, and mutters low.]

Now, Sinbad: Beauty or the Bird?

[As he moves a few steps along the colonnade, low bells begin to chime from the throne. Glancing back SINBAD beholds the crystal sphere fading and the sickle moon vanished. Turning on his heel, he hurries stealthily off, left.

Then, as the sphere fades to its former cloudy sheen, the Portrait in its frame begins to glow, till the painting of the young Prince quivers with life and color. Soon his eyes look toward the throne, his lips part, and he speaks.]

THE PORTRAIT

Lady!

[On the throne the half-veiled figure of the Caryatid turns her face toward the Portrait and speaks with the voice of the STATELY LADY.]

THE CARYATID

My son.

THE PORTRAIT

Mother —

THE CARYATID

Speak, Florimond.

THE PORTRAIT

Has Beauty come ?

THE CARYATID

Not yet.

THE PORTRAIT

Far down the hall

Do you not see her shadow yet ?

THE CARYATID

Not yet.

THE PORTRAIT

Perchance she tarries in the garden still.

I fear my dreadful shape^e offended her

And my harsh outcry, roaring for the rose.

THE CARYATID

She broke her vow.

THE PORTRAIT

Teleme, the vain Bird,

Beguiled her : that false wight who once beguiled

Even me, your son, till you enchanted us,
And changed her to a Peacock for her pride.

THE VOICE OF THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Sings outside.*]

Wirrouwoo! Tirrouwee! Cheet, cheet!

THE PORTRAIT

Hark, yonder, where she crakes within her bower.
Oh, mother, lift this stern enchantment from me! —
Why have you hung my heart's true image here
And made my heart to wear a hideous mask?

THE CARYATID

To test the heart of Beauty and your own,
That ye may both love truth more than yourselves,
And trust no more what seems.

THE PORTRAIT

Yet for one day!

For one day, set my prisoned spirit free
To worship Beauty and to win her heart!

THE CARYATID

One hour, in all my day, I still allow
For your imprisoned soul to wander free:
The hour of mortal dreams — the midnight hour.

THE PORTRAIT

Ah, me, at midnight hour, what visions bright
Of Beauty have I dreamed, yet still in vain!
The clock still tolls your chime, and all grows dark.

[Sings.]

Alone at midnight hour,
 In the pallid noon of dreams,
 My spirit awakes in power
 And walks on the wan moonbeams :
 For Beauty without a name
 I burst from my mortal frame,
 On a lover's secret quest
 Of the fair and holiest.

THE CARYATID

[Sings.]

Alone at midnight hour
 My spirit walks with thine,
 And the world unfolds like a flower,
 And a wonder fills like wine
 The rose of the world with flame,
 For Beauty without a name
 In a land love only knows
 Holds to her heart the rose.

BOTH

Alone at midnight hour
 My spirit walks with thine !

THE PORTRAIT

In the pallid noon of dreams
 I call upon Beauty's name,
 Where her soul in the wild moonbeams
 Stands naked without shame :

O Beauty that art divine,
 Reveal thy name! Be mine!
 For thy love the wonder glows
 In the heart of the red world-rose!

THE CARYATID

In the pallid noon of dreams
 Alas for love's mortal quest!
 For the beauty which only seems
 Must fade from the loveliest,
 And the beauty without a name
 Shall pluck from the rose her flame,
 When the dark enchanted tower
 Chimes the lone midnight hour.

BOTH

In the pallid noon of dreams
 Alas for love's mortal quest!

THE VOICE OF THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Outside.*]

Tirrouwee! Wirrouwoo! Chug, chug!

THE PORTRAIT

Mother!

THE CARYATID

Hush, Florimond! I hear once more
 Teleme, the proud Bird. Before she comes,
 You must resume your wonted form of Beast.—
 Till midnight hour you must be dumb and dark.

THE PORTRAIT

No, mother, no!

THE CARYATID

My son, it is my will. —

Now fade, bright Florimond, and Beast, come forth!

THE PORTRAIT

Ah! Ah!

[*With brow contracted in a spasm of grief, the PORTRAIT utters a soft, crying moan, which, as its high-pitched modulation falls, grows deeply guttural as the harsh groan of BEAST.*]

BEAST

A-i! A-i!

[*As the glowing form of FLORIMOND fades to his painted likeness in the picture, the form of BEAST, clothed like the Portrait, steps out of the frame, in the dimness, and stands shuddering before the STATELY LADY.*]

BEAST

Io! Io!

Once more the horrible voice speaks in my throat,
 And makes my heart grow sick to hear: Once more
 The hairy fingers and the hideous feet!
 Oh, mother, mother, is *this* thy Florimond
 Whose image hangs so calm and silent there?
 Can yonder be the portrait of poor Beast,

Your son, who lifts these clawed hands to your throne
In prayer for pity!

THE CARYATID

Peace, dear son. To me,
Thy mother, thou art always Florimond.

BEAST

But ah, to Beauty I am merely Beast!
May I not tell her what I really am:

[*Pointing to the Portrait.*]

Show her *that* face, and say: *Lo, there am I!*

THE CARYATID

It would be vain: till Beauty learns to love
She never would believe.

BEAST

But, will she learn
To love, and to forgive my ugliness?

[*He sings.*]

If Beauty learns to love,
Will she forgive
Those gestures rude and gruff
That made her grieve:
Those tones that made her tremble,
Those features, that dissemble
The soul's diviner stuff? —
Ah, will she leave

His grossness, and discover
 The kindness of her lover?
 If Beauty learns to love,
 Will she believe?

THE CARYATID

[Sings.]

When Beauty learns to love,
 She will not ask
 For lover's sighs, or take
 Dark looks to task:
 When dreadful tones entreat her,
 Her heart will deem them sweeter,
 And for the wearer's sake
 Hold dear the mask.
 Though Beast should bend above her
 In likeness of her lover,
 Still only, *Dost thou love?*
 Will Beauty ask.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[Enters left, perked with overweening pleasure.]

Tirrouwoo! Wirrouwee! Jug, jug!

[Seeing the STATELY LADY, she assumes at once a drooping air, to which the inflated loopings of her irised robe respond by flattening smoothly, while she pauses with sad hesitancy, and commiserating voice.]

Sultana! Sultana!

THE CARYATID

[*Nods majestically.*]

Teleme!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Drawing nearer.*]

I bring you my sympathy, gracious
Sultana, to hear what has happened.
Ah, tsuh, tsuh, tsuh, tsuh! What a pity!

THE CARYATID

What grieves you, Teleme?

THE PEACOCK LADY

To think it!

That Beauty should steal from your rose-tree.
Allah! who would have thought that a maiden
So modest could be so corrupted:

BEAST

You say well, proud lady : corrupted!
Corrupted by *you*!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Oh, Commander

Of the Faithful, what *can* you be thinking?

BEAST

'T was you who deceived her.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Blinking.*]

Decei — cei —

Deceived her!

[*Then lachrymose.*]

Oh, Florimond, Florimond!

BEAST

Call me not by that name; I am Beast.

THE PEACOCK LADY

Ah!

How changed you are since your enchantment.

[*Gazing at the Portrait.*]

On the day when your portrait was painted —

How well I remember — I kissed it

And cried: “What a beautiful creature

I have won for a husband!”

BEAST

[*Turning away to the Caryatid.*]

Good mother,

Your enchantment has made me a monster,

But I thank you, that so you preserved me

From wedding the soul of a peacock.

THE PEACOCK LADY

A peacock! Oh, faithless one! Once you

Would call me your dove and your true-love,

Your delicate warbler Teleme! —

[*Sbrilly.*]

How dare you now call me a peacock?

[*Her drooping head-plumes start on end, and her feathery overgarment rises and ruffles outward behind her, expanding upward like a peacock's tail.*]

BEAST

Behold what you are! — How the soul of
A female has borrowed the flaunting
And impudent plumes of the male bird!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Bridling and pecking at him.*]

You Be — Be — Be — Beast, you! I ca — ca —
Ca — came here to offer my courteous
Respects to your mother; and now — now
You insult me. I vow — vow revenge for
Your rudeness. — You're shaped like a lobster,
You walk like a wa — wa — wa — walrus,
Your chee — chee — chee — cheek is all chins, and
Your head's all kno — knobbed like a knocker. —
I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!

[*Swelling and sidling with rage, her greenish plumes quivering, her iridescent silks up-puffed and spreading like a tail above her train, the PEACOCK LADY sweeps from the hall.*]

THE CARYATID

[*To BEAST.*]

And once, my son, you deemed her beautiful.

BEAST

Alas, and now that Beauty really comes
I am a Beast to her.

THE CARYATID

Hark! She is coming.

[A low, reverberating clang resounds and dies away.]

BEAST

What sound is that?

THE CARYATID

A closing door. It sounds
The last clang of a thousand closing doors
That shut behind her. Now she lifts the silk
Of the last curtain.

BEAST

[Rushing rapturously toward the colonnade.]

She is coming!

THE CARYATID

Soft!

Or you will frighten her.

BEAST

Ah, I forgot! —

I'll hide, and watch her till she find your throne.

[BEAST secretes himself behind a great carved chair in a corner of the hall. On her throne the STATELY LADY remains motionless as an image.]

The hall grows dimmer. Faint, timorous music sounds. In the mysterious light, the damask curtain at the end of the colonnade is crumpled from behind by a delicate hand, which draws it aside enough to reveal the face of BEAUTY, peeping with wide eyes of wonder.

As she peers into the colonnade, there emerges, from behind a pillar, the pied head of a human Cockatoo, craning toward her. Aware of it, BEAUTY quickly covers her face with the curtain. The Cockatoo's head withdraws. Once more BEAUTY looks forth and, seeing nothing move, steps wholly into view. In one hand she still carries the frozen rose. Coming gradually down the long colonnade, her pantomime is part timid, part curious.

Suddenly, on the mosaic floor a huge Gargoyle shadow is thrown in her path, disappearing as she pauses, aghast. Moving closer to the wall, she chances to touch a panel, which opens instantly of itself. Glancing in, she starts back at what she sees, while it closes as before.

Again, from behind a column, a grotesque head is thrust out: this time a turbaned Ape, who grins, and vanishes.

In front of the Portrait, she gazes at it with admiration, which changes momentarily to awe, as the painting gleams faintly with life. Passing on to the throne, she stands fascinated before it.

Above the head of the STATELY LADY, the sickle moon reappears, surrounded by the starry constellations which circle and glitter, slowly wheeling to subdued music; while round the surface of the crystal sphere—like

shadows cast from within — revolve the cloudy outlines of the world: continents and capes and seas.

Meantime, still as a statue, the STATELY LADY gazes into the eyes of BEAUTY, behind whom BEAST has slowly drawn near from his hiding-place.]

BEAUTY

[In a hushed voice, returning the STATELY LADY'S gaze.]
Are you the Queen of the World?

BEAST

[Speaks hoarsely at BEAUTY'S ear.]

She is my mother.

BEAUTY

[In startled fear.]

Ah, what are you?

BEAST

Have you forgotten me?

BEAUTY

[Shrinkingly.]

I beg your pardon: you are the Lord Beast.

BEAST

And this is my mother.

THE STATELY LADY

Beauty!

BEAUTY

Now I know
Your voice : You are the Stately Lady. — But
I thought you lived in the garden.

THE STATELY LADY

Everywhere
I live, and from my life my roses bloom.
I have a brother with a snow-white beard :
He bears a crooked scythe upon his back
To cut dead flowers to feed his winter fire.
His home is in the frozen wood hard by.

BEAUTY

Oh, yes, I think I saw him there. He passed
Close to, and stared. But he was very old.

THE STATELY LADY

Yes, he is old ; yet I am ever young.
My sceptre is the sickle moon, that reaps
The sighs of maidens and young mothers' dreams,
And those I tie with true-love knots, to make
Garlands for lovers who obey my law.

BEAUTY

[*Hanging her head.*]

I am so sorry that I broke my word.
I've brought your rose. 'T is frozen.

BEAST

Tell her, mother,

How it may bloom again.

THE STATELY LADY

'T is simple, child.

Give it to him to whom your heart is given
 And it will bloom again.

BEAST

[*Ardently.*]

Oh, give it me!

BEAUTY

[*Quickly holds out the rose with a smile.*]

Gladly!

BEAST

[*Taking it.*]

Ah, me! 't is frozen still.

BEAUTY

[*Anxiously.*]

What's wrong?

THE STATELY LADY

You gave the rose, but did not give your heart.—
 Do you not love him?

BEAUTY

Love an ugly Beast!

THE STATELY LADY

'T was he who brought you from the bitter wood,
And saved you from my brother's cruel scythe;
Gave you the Singing Tree, the Golden Water,
And the bright garden. He is a good prince
And asks your hand in marriage.

BEAST

I love you, Beauty!

Will you not marry me?

BEAUTY

Oh, no.

BEAST

Am I

Unworthy?

BEAUTY

You are far too ugly, Beast.

THE STATELY LADY

Remember what the rose-tree sang: *Trust not
What seems!* If you will give your heart to him
My rose will bloom again.

BEAUTY

I am very sorry:

I cannot give my heart to any one.

BEAST

[*Supplicating.*]

Yet hear me—

THE STATELY LADY

Peace, my son!—Now, Beauty, hear
My verdict: Till your heart shall learn to love,
Henceforth your heart must wear the frozen rose!

[*At these words, the air darkens, sweet chimes are heard ringing. Above the throne the moon and constellations flicker and grow dull, ceasing their motion.*

Then, as the lights of the candelabra leap up again, illuminating the hall, the throne is seen to be transformed to a tall timepiece, in the crystal sphere of which are clock-hands and a dial. The STATELY LADY has once more reverted to the Caryatid. BEAST stands gazing at BEAUTY, on whose breast is fastened, glittering, the frozen rose.]

BEAUTY

[*Clutching at the icy spray, tries to tear it off with her hands.*]

The rose—It clings to me. It is so cold.
It hurts my breast. Help!

BEAST

[*Overwhelmed with sympathy, tries to approach and console her, but she draws back from him.*]

How can I serve you?

BEAUTY

Keep

Your face away! O leave me!

[From the left, SINBAD has entered. Catching sight of him
BEAUTY flies to his arms.]

—Daddy! Daddy!

SINBAD

Hello, what's this?

BEAUTY

The rose: take it away!

SINBAD

Too late, my dear. I can't. So make the most
Of what you have! 'Tis most becoming, really!
Call it a silver brooch to fasten your robe. —

[He kisses her, as she weeps against his shoulder.]

BEAUTY

Oh, Daddy Sinbad!

BEAST

[Approaching.]

Sir, my court and castle
Are at your daughter's service. She may see
Fair wonders to distract her from her grief:
I'll show her magic halls, enchanted towers,
Dim tapestries, rare crystals full of dreams,
And feasts beneath cool fountains; all my court

Shall wait on her, and gentle cockatoos'
 And marmosets shall be her mandarins
 To hold her train. — I pray you, let me serve her.

SINBAD

[*Salaaming.*]

Commander of the Faithful, you have said!
 Beauty, go with the Sultan.

BEAUTY

[*Clinging to him.*]

Must I go?

THE VOICE OF THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Sings low outside.*]

Swee-swee-swee — sweet, sweet!

SINBAD

[*Aside to BEAUTY.*]

My dear, I have a little trap to set —
 For Birdie here. — Fear nothing.

[*To BEAST.*]

Will it please
 Your Highness to return?

BEAST

We shall return
 Right soon with all my court, and meet you here.

[*With timorous pantomime, BEAUTY leaves SINBAD, and goes out right, attended solicitously by BEAST., As they*

go, from the left appears, stealthily, the PEACOCK
LADY.]

THE PEACOCK LADY

Sweet Jack!

SINBAD

Sly Bird!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Approaching him.*]

My sailor boy!

SINBAD

[*Pulling from his boot a handful of dates.*]

My peewee princess! Have a date!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Swallowing the proffered dates, offers one to him.*]

With you, of course, dear! In your beard
My heart has built her nest.

SINBAD

I cross

Your bill.

[*They kiss.*]

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Mysteriously.*]

The trap is set. I've laid —

SINBAD

An egg? Good Lord!

THE PEACOCK LADY,

A plan: The plot

Is hatched!

SINBAD

Don't count our chicks before —

THE PEACOCK LADY

There's forty — in my coop. They're caged!

SINBAD

How's that? A batch of forty chicks?

[*Crowing.*]Kikerykee! You *are* a Bird!

We'll rule the roost.

THE PEACOCK LADY

We'll rule the castle,

Kill Beast, and pickle the Stately Queen.

You shall be Sultan, I — Sultana!

Come, now, and help me open the coop.

I've packed 'em in this old sea-chest.

[*With SINBAD's help, she drags forth a great wooden chest,
bound in brass.*]

SINBAD

[*Puffing and blowing.*]

This hefts like half my seven voyages!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Unlocking the chest with a key.*]

They're packed in tight: unbolt the sides.

[*SINBAD looses the brass catches. As he does so, the lid flies open, with a hideous yell from within.*]

SINBAD

[*Starting back, nearly stumbling over.*]

By Zanzibar!

[*Out of the chest leaps a dark-faced, terrible-featured ruffian, in blood-red turban and grimy, oriental garb. On one arm he carries an enormous jar. In his other hand he bears, like a spear, a long three-pronged fork. He is followed by a swarm of others like himself, all leaping, with horrible yells, into the hall, where they set down their jars, brandishing their barbed forks.*]

THE RUFFIANS

Racachik, Shacabac, Boul Haboul!

Nisabic, Nouronnar, Nouzhatoul!

SINBAD

What boys are you?

THE RUFFIANS

[*Sing.*]

Ha! we are the warranted Forty Thieves:

Racachik, Shacabac, Boul Haboul!

And these are our genuine pickling jars

Where we put our pickings to cool.

For we are the dragons who drop at eaves
 To gobble up sultans and shahs in sheaves
 And dine on the heads of czars ;
 And all we can't swallow we carry away
 And pickle 'em down for a rainy day
 In our gory vinegars.

*Racachik, Shacabac,
 Racachik, Shacabac,
 Boul, Boul,
 Boul, Haboul!*

SINBAD

But what are those forks?

THE CAPTAIN

[With a gesture not to be interrupted.]

Pray, let us explain!

THE THIEVES

[As they sing the latter part, peer over the edges of their jars and thrust in their pronged forks.]

Ho! we are the hideous Forty Thieves :
Racachik, Shacabac, Boul Haboul!
 And those are our horrid vernaculars
 To curdle the blood of a ghoul.
 And these are the forks we use as spits
 To griddle our food in the grewsome pits
 Of our bubbling pickling jars ;
 And whenever a head or an arm upheaves,

We give it a poke, and laugh in our sleeves
 With horrible, foul *Ha — Has!*

Racachik, Shacabac,
Racachik, Shacabac,
Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha — ha!

THE CAPTAIN

[*Stepping before the PEACOCK LADY.*]

Teleme, Queen of Birds, to you
 I yield the sacred pickle-fork! —
 My Forty Thieves await your word.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Taking the proffered fork.*]

I accept my sceptre, Captain. This
 Is my affianced emperor,
 Sinbad the Sultan.

SINBAD

Glad to meet you,
 Captain. My good friend Ali Baba
 Has often mentioned you.

THE CAPTAIN

[*Bowing.*]

Your slave!

SINBAD

I like your bold vocabulary :
 Now *Racachik* and *Shacabac*,
 What are those ?

THE CAPTAIN

Swear-words, please your Highness,
 To scare the ladies when we rob.

SINBAD

And *Boul Haboul* ?

THE CAPTAIN

That is my name.

[*Pointing to his men.*]

They like the sound : it gives them courage.

[*As SINBAD takes a step toward the men, they get behind
 their jars.*]

You see, I have to keep them stoked
 With oaths, or else their nerve cools down.—
 Ho, there, you robbers : — *Boul Haboul* !

THE FORTY THIEVES

[*Shout.*]

Racachik, Shacabac, Boul Haboul !
 Nisabic, Nouronnar, Nouzhatoul !

[*With their yell, their prowess revives, and they step forward
 fiercely in front of their jars.*]

SINBAD

Bully!— that 's martial discipline,
Eh, Birdie?

THE PEACOCK LADY

They are matchless!— Captain,
Seize now the castle!

THE CAPTAIN

[*Salaaming.*]

Lo, 't is seized,

Sultana!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*To the CAPTAIN.*]

Good!

[*To SINBAD.*]

I told you so.

[*Seating herself in the great carved chair, motions SINBAD to sit beside her, and addresses the CAPTAIN and THIEVES.*]

Now, bow before our throne, and hail
Your Sultan and Sultana.

THE CAPTAIN

[*Motions to the THIEVES.*]

Down!

[*Prostrating themselves beside their jars, the CAPTAIN and the FORTY THIEVES beat the sides of their jars with their forks, making a horrible din while they yell.*]

ALL

Sinbad! Teleme!
Sultan! Sultana!

[In the midst of their yelling, a terrible roar—from off right—causes them abruptly to cease and raise their heads, with dropped jaws and startled eyes.]

THE VOICE OF BEAST

[Outside.]

Who's there?

THE THIEVES

[Shout more faintly—half sitting up.]

Sultan! Sultana!

THE VOICE OF BEAST

[More terribly.]

Who-o-o-o's there?

[The THIEVES leap to their feet and grab up their forks, while SINBAD and the PEACOCK LADY rise.]

THE CAPTAIN

[Shouts with a show of bravado, then runs.]

Ho, Boul Haboul!

THE THIEVES

[Begin faintly—but stop.]

Boul!—Boul!—

SINBAD

[*Stepping forward, as the PEACOCK LADY, hopping uneasily, hangs on his arm.*]

'T is only Beast. Prepare
Your pickling jars!

THE VOICE OF BEAST

[*Roars more loudly, accompanied by the screaming of birds and animals.*]

Who-o-o 's ther-r-r-re?

[*The THIEVES and their CAPTAIN, in scared uproar, run behind their jars. SINBAD seizes the fork from the PEACOCK LADY and rushes about, poking them out.*]

SINBAD

Ha, Racachik!

THE THIEVES

[*With chattering jaws.*]

Chik-chik!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Upon losing hold of SINBAD's arm, becomes flustered and begins to run round and round the wooden chest, like an unnested hen, waving her arms toward the THIEVES.*]

Take take take, take take, take care of, take
care of,

Your cut—cut—cut— cutlery, cutlery, cutlery!

SINBAD

[*Forking the THIEVES.*]

Ho, Shacabac!

THE THIEVES

[*Rushing about.*]

Cabac,

Cabac! bac!

[*Terror-struck, the Captain climbs into his jar. At this, the others rush pell-mell for their jars and jump in, some climbing feet first, others scrambling headlong, with heels kicking the air.*]

THE PEACOCK LADY

Tuck tuck tuck tuck, tuck tuck tuck, tuck
behind, tuck behind

Your tar— gets, your tar— gets!

[*Thus squawking, she circles the chest more and more narrowly till, catching up her flounces, she leaps, with one last, panicky scream, over the side of the chest, and dodges down inside, as the big lid falls shut.*]

SINBAD

[*Lunging at the THIEVES' legs.*]

Racachik, Shacabac, ho!

[*Seeing the lid of the chest falling, SINBAD rushes to catch it, just too late, as BEAST enters roaring, followed by his enchanted court of Barbary Apes, Marmosets, Chim-*

*panzees, Parrots, Cockatoos, etc., all gorgeously apparelled
and all chattering, squeaking, and screaming.]*

BEAST

Who 's there, I say ?

SINBAD

[Standing on the chest.]

Hail, Sultan !

[He bows low.]

BEAST

How,

Sinbad ! Art thou alone ?

SINBAD

Alone

As I was born.

[The Apes and Cockatoos scream louder.]

BEAST

[Turning to them.]

Hush, gentlemen ! —

Ladies !

[To SINBAD.]

What were those gruesome sounds

I heard ?

SINBAD

The yells of Racachik,

Your Highness.

BEAST

Who is Racachik ?

SINBAD

[Brandishing his fork.]

A giant shark, whom once I slew
With this harpoon : From his skull bones
I made yon forty jars.

BEAST

What 's in

The jars ?

SINBAD

The yells of Racachik,
Your Highness.

BEAST

What ! They 're full of yells ?

SINBAD

Echoes, my Prince ! Like ocean shells
That store the echoes of the waves,
These store the voice of Racachik.
When with this pronged harpoon I slew
The monster, he halooed so loud,
That still the echoes of his roar
Sleep in his bones, from which I carved
Those forty jars.

BEAST

You charm me.

[*Approaching the jars.*]

May

I look in ?

SINBAD

[*Steps down, intervening.*]

Lord, no ! With a look

They might explode ! But you shall hark :

Listen !

[*He sings in a deep voice.*]

Ho, Nouronnar !

THE JARS

[*Respond with deep echoes, which die away.*]

Ho, Nouronnar !

SINBAD

[*To BEAST.*]

You try.

BEAST

[*Sings.*]

Ah, Nouzhatoul !

THE JARS

[*Echoing lugubriously.*]

Ah, Nouzhatoul !

BEAST

How marvellous!

SINBAD

Oh, nothing much.

A trifle! I collect such things
On my sea-voyages, to provide
My daughter's dowry.

BEAST

[*Looking at the box.*]

What is this?

SINBAD

That is an old sea-chest of mine.
My daughter packs her trousseau in it;
Just now 't is full of — feather muffs.
I trust your Highness' love-suit prospers,
For all my riches shall be yours
With Beauty's hand.

BEAST

[*Gloomily.*]

Speak not of that

To me, but to your daughter. Here
She comes. I've tried with all my court
To cheer her spirits, but in vain!

[*BEAUTY enters, right, attended and surrounded by the
Enchanted Court.*

This comprises females, who have the heads and feet of

birds — chiefly tropical species of vivid-colored Cockatoos and Parrots — and males, whose heads are those of Apes and Monkeys, varying in species from large-sized Baboons and Chimpanzees to little Marmosets, clad in the oriental garments of men. These stare at BEAUTY, gibbering and cackling, and mimic her motions.

BEAUTY is attired like an oriental Empress, with long mantle of shining pearls, borne behind her by eight little gray Marmosets, her train-bearers. Before her, two blue-faced Baboons walk backwards, thrumming stringed instruments. Her own lithe figure — with eyes down-cast, for fear of meeting the grimaces of her inquisitive Courtiers — is overtopped by two prodigious Cockatoo-Ladies, who waddle, gaunt-toed, on either side, hunching their gorgeous shoulders, each slanting down at her a single big round eye, while they fan her with enormous scarlet and yellow feathers.

BEAST, leaving SINBAD, goes forward to meet her, with grotesque, adoring gazes.]

SINBAD

Well, well; attended like a Queen!
What more could heart desire?

[Greets her smilingly.]

Now, Beauty,

How are you?

BEAUTY

[Weeping.]

Pretty well — I wish —

BEAST

Oh, speak your wish! It shall be granted!
I'd give my crown to make you smile.

BEAUTY

[Looking about tearfully.]

I wish I were at home!—I wish
I had my dirty rags again.

BEAST

Alas!

[Dejectedly, to SINBAD.]

I told you so.

SINBAD

Hight-tighty! That's
No way to wish! Come, you're a Queen!

[Addressing one of the Cockatoo-Ladies, who is tipping one eye close to BEAUTY; takes from his boot a huge hard-tack biscuit.]

Heigh, Polly, here's a cracker. Keep
Your eye on me.

[She takes it greedily in her beak and turns away, followed inquisitively by the other Cockatoos. The other Creatures immediately gather round SINBAD, chattering, with uplifted beaks and nozzles.]

What! The whole crowd?

BEAST

[*Gloomily.*]

Now, Beauty, can't you smile?

BEAUTY

[*Her knuckles in her eyes.*]

No, Beast.

SINBAD

[*Who has backed away as far as the chest, surrounded by the clamoring Creatures, calls out to some of them who are approaching the jars.*]

Hey, there! don't peek in those: they're empty.

My boots are at your service. —

[*Calling them.*]

Ladies!

My lords! Chuck, chuck, chuck!

[*As he calls, the Creatures gather close round him, craning their necks. SINBAD calls.*]

Halloa, Beauty;

Come watch the birdies!

[*BEAUTY, accompanied by BEAST, crosses to the carved chair, and watches, finally — in her eagerness to see — climbing upon the seat. SINBAD, diving both hands into his wide-flanging boots, brings to light handfuls of edibles, which he distributes among the excited Creatures.*]

Here, Pistachios!

Chuck, chuck, chuck! — water-biscuits! — soft! —

[*He scatters a handful of little nuts and biscuits on the lid of the chest, where the Creatures struggle for them. Some he puts himself into their hands and beaks.*]

Softly, my lords! Room for the ladies!
Here's cocoanuts! Palmetto dates!

[*He tosses cocoanuts to the Apes and Baboons who catch them. A little Marmoset climbs on his shoulder and sits nibbling dates.*]

Figs! — Pomegranates! Chuck — chuck! Raisins!

BEAUTY

[*Clapping her hands, jumps up and down in the great chair.*]

Oh, Daddy, Daddy! Aren't they funny!

[*She bursts out laughing.*]

Lord Beast, do look!

BEAST

[*In great delight.*]

She smiles! She laughs!

[*The Creatures scatter with their nuts and fruit, and gather together, right, munching and chattering. BEAST comes to SINBAD.*]

BEAST

I pray you, sir, do more to make
Her spirits merry.

SINBAD

If 't would please
Your Highness, I could sing a ballad.

BEAST

I do beseech you. —

[*To his Grand Vizier — a Baboon.*]

Summon here

My dancers !

[*The Grand Vizier runs out. BEAST turns to BEAUTY, escorting her to the great chair.*]

Will you sit by me

And watch them ?

BEAUTY

[*Shyly.*]

Thank you, Beast ; I think

I'd rather sit alone.

SINBAD

[*Mounting the lid of the chest.*]

My lords

And ladies, pray you hearken ! I

Will sing a ballad of the seas,

How, off the coast of Zanzibar,

I slew the red shark Racachik !

[*BEAUTY sits on the carved chair. BEAST sits on a stool at her feet. The enchanted courtiers and ladies group themselves, as a crowd of Ape Tumblers and Animal Dancers enter and surround SINBAD in their dance.*]

[SINBAD *sings.*]

Our bowsprit splits the setting sun,
 Our keel the scarlet sea,
 Where the simoons snort on our weather bow
 And the typhoons roar a-lea.
 And we heave a loud *Yahoo!*
 When the whale-mouthed billows whack us,
 As we fight the red shark Racachik
 Aboard of the Albarraccas.

THE JARS

[*Sing, in chorus.*]

Yahoo! Yahoo!

How the whale-mouthed billows whack us,
 As we fight the red shark Racachik
 Aboard of the Albarraccas!

BEAUTY

[*Who has risen, startled, speaks low to BEAST.*]

Where are they?

BEAST

Hush! They're in the jars.

BEAUTY

What's in the jars?

BEAST

Echoes! They are
 The stored-up roars of Racachik.

SINBAD

[*Sings.*]

We've sailed from Zir to Zanzibar
By the one-eyed giant's isle,
Where we gorged on the roasted eggs of rocs
In oriental style.
From Gor to Mangalore
We have voyaged, till now we tack us
To grapple the red shark Racachik
Aboard of the Albarraccas.

THE JARS

[*In chorus.*]

From Gor to Mangalore, etc.

SINBAD

His rip-jaws snap the rising moon,
He swallows spar and sail;
From Oraluk to Hogolu
He swings his smashing tail;
And ho! the spouting gore
When his horrible grinders hack us,
As we haul the red shark Racachik
Aboard of the Albarraccas.

THE JARS

[*In chorus.*]

Ho-ho! the spouting gore, etc.

SINBAD

Now cut the ruddy carcass small
 And slaver the crimson foam,
 And steer for Bong and Mazagan
 And the bungalows of home!
 For it's Yo, the red, red blood!
 And a rousing yell to Bacchus!
 As we roast the red shark Racachik
 Aboard of the Albarraccas!

THE JARS

[*In chorus.*]

Yo-ho, the red, red blood!
 And our rousing yell to Bacchus!
 As we roast the red shark Racachik
 Aboard of the Albarraccas!

[*As SINBAD concludes his ballad and is about to step down, a muffled, female voice from within the chest suddenly gives him pause.*]

THE VOICE

[*Hesitatingly.*]

Cuck — cuck — cuck —

SINBAD

[*Ominously.*]

It is! It is!

THE VOICE

[*More assured.*]

Cuck — cuck — cuck —

[SINBAD stands transfixed.

BEAUTY and BEAST rise, the Ape-courtiers tiptoe, crane their necks, the Bird-Ladies perk their heads,—and all stare inquisitively at the chest.

Looking down at it, SINBAD speaks, beneath his hand, in a stage whisper.]

SINBAD

Go on! Go on!

THE VOICE

Cuck — cuck —

[*Liquidly.*]

—cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

BEAST

[*With wide eyes, approaching the chest.*]

What is it?

SINBAD

[*With a relieved gasp, smiles broadly, and calls out.*]

Three bells, Captain, and all 's well!

[*Then, pulling from his boot a big watch, he holds it to his ear.*]

My third watch! — Time to turn in, Beauty!

[*He steps down from the chest, and kisses her, waving the others away from the chest.*]

So!

Good-night!

BEAUTY

But I'm not sleepy yet!

SINBAD

See there!

Signs of the Sandman!

BEAUTY

But where shall I sleep?

BEAST

If yonder couch be to your wish, this hall
Shall be your chamber.

SINBAD

Just the thing, your Highness!

BEAST

[*To the Grand Vizier.*]

Go bid the court retire.

[*The Grand Vizier goes among the Creatures, who all go out. BEAST turns to BEAUTY.*]

Yet one last word:

Once more, before we part for sleep, I beg
Your answer: Will you marry me?

BEAUTY

Lord Beast,
You have been very good : I thank you kindly.

BEAST

[*With a glow of hope.*]

Ah, you take pity ? You will be my wife ?

BEAUTY

I'm sorry, Beast : I cannot be your wife.

BEAST

Ai, Ai!

[*He turns away, dejected.*]

Good-night, Beauty!

BEAUTY

[*With a sigh.*]

Good-night,

Good Beast.

BEAST

[*Going out woefully.*]

Io, Io!

[*The hall is now lighted only by moonlight, which shines through the stained-glass window, throwing rich gules on the divan and floor, and radiating with a faint dimness through the hall.*]

SINBAD and BEAUTY are left alone. *With mysterious gestures, SINBAD draws BEAUTY farther from the chest.*]

Now, Beauty, come
This way a bit.

BEAUTY

[*With alarm.*]

What's wrong?

SINBAD

The Talking Bird :

[*Lowering his voice.*]

She is a villainess. I told you so.

BEAUTY

What will she do?

SINBAD

She plots to seize the throne,
And murder Beast.

BEAUTY

Oh, dear!

SINBAD

That's nothing. Such
Things always happen in enchanted castles.
You trust your Daddy; and if things go wrong,
Call on my good friend, Cascheasch.

BEAUTY

Who is he?

SINBAD

A genie.

[*Pulling out of his boot a small brass lamp.*]

Here! Just rub this, and he'll come.

BEAUTY

[*Taking it.*]

What's this?

SINBAD

Aladdin's lamp. On these occasions,
I always keep it handy in my boot.

[*Reënter solemnly, with candles, the two Lady Cockatoos, one bearing a long night-gown and night-cap, the other a pair of glass slippers.*]

BEAUTY

Dear! — Why have *they* come back?

SINBAD

Hum! by their looks —

To help undress you.

BEAUTY

[*Quickly.*]

Please, I won't undress!

I'd rather go to bed alone.

SINBAD

[*Patting her head.*]

You shall.

[*Tossing two crackers to the Cockatoos.*]

Here!—Go to perch!

[*The Cockatoos seize the crackers, and depart, leaving the night-gown, cap and slippers, which SINBAD picks up.*]

Night-clothes. I fancy, these
Are just my size.

[*He tucks them under his arm.*]

Glass slippers, these are more
Your style, my dear.

[*He hands them to BEAUTY, and points to the couch.*]

Now turn your afghan down.

[*As BEAUTY takes the slippers and goes to arrange the couch for the night, SINBAD hurriedly tiptoes to the chest, takes from his boot a small object and, opening the lid a crack, thrusts it in, muttering low :*]

Another date!

A VOICE

[*Smothered, from within.*]

Cuckoo!

[*BEAUTY, putting on the glass slippers, turns, startled, as SINBAD—hastily fastening the hasps of the chest—pretends to look in his boot.*]

SINBAD

My watch is fast.

[*BEAUTY turns back to arrange the afghan. As she turns*

away, SINBAD, moving stealthily to a jar, taps it with his toe, and scraping his throat, sings hoarsely.]

Hem! — Nouronnar! — Nix, nix!

[The targets on top of the jars all rise an inch or two, raised from within, and settle down again with a low harsh echo.]

THE JARS

Ahem! — Nix, nix!

[BEAUTY turns once more and looks at SINBAD, alarmed.]

SINBAD

[Coughing.]

I've caught a cold. Remember, daughter: don't
Worry! — I'll sleep outside your door: — Good-night,
And happy dreams!

BEAUTY

Good-night!

[Left alone, she shrinks back by the divan into the colored glow which shines from the rose centre of the stained glass.]

Oh, dear, how big

The hall is, and how dark the corners are!

[She lets down her hair and, putting her face close to a rose-colored pane, looks out.]

The garden sleeps: above the frozen wood,
A little cloud is creeping toward the moon.

[She turns and looks at the Portrait.]

How beautiful the Prince looks in the wall!
Perhaps — I thought almost he seemed alive —

[*Dreamily.*]

I wish — I wish —

[*She sits on the couch.*]

Ah, me, how cold the rose
Lies on my breast!

[*She sings.*]

O frozen rose,
Whate'er thou art
Whose petals close
Around my heart!

Thou art so chill
Almost I sleep:
I cannot feel
I cannot weep.

Only there seems
To glow in thee
A Prince of Dreams
Who burns for me.

I am so numb
I cannot wake:
Unless he come,
My heart will break!

[*With the last cadence of her song, BEAUTY sinks upon the cushions and falls asleep. The light from the stained*

glass grows dim; the rich colors fade, and the traceries of the panes grow dull.

As the window thus fades, the Portrait begins to glow. Slowly, to the sweet chiming of the clock, it comes fully to life and color, as the eyes of FLORIMOND gaze upon BEAUTY sleeping.

The fair youth smiles enamoured, raises his arms in a great gesture of joy, and steps out of the painting, which turns instantly dark.

Then, through the fabric of columns, and walls and ceiling, appear throngs of twinkling candles, held by hands of those whose bodies are viewless. Only the arms, clad in the oriental sleeves of Courtiers and Ladies, are visible.

In the glimmer of these candles, Prince FLORIMOND steps to the foot of the couch—the clock still chiming. As he does so, the half-veiled faces and forms of the visionary Courtiers and Ladies appear, gazing behind their outstretched candles.

FLORIMOND makes a gesture for them to withdraw. At this, they recede within the walls and columns, the flames of their candles remaining for a moment still a gleam, then disappearing like fireflies in darkness.

Except for the faint traceries of the window, there is now visible only the glittering frozen rose, which—lying on the breast of BEAUTY—irradiates from the dark a little space of cloudy light, where her sleeping face nests in her golden hair.

Dimly the form of FLORIMOND is seen to approach her and, bending over, is about to touch the frozen rose.

*At this instant, through the ceasing chimes, the clock sings
 "Beauty! Beauty!" BEAUTY starts up, and FLORIMOND
 draws back in the dimness.]*

BEAUTY

Who calls for me?

FLORIMOND

I call.

BEAUTY

And who art thou?

FLORIMOND

The Prince of Dreams.—Awake!

*[The rich hues of the stained glass have begun to revive,
 and the many-colored moonlight streams across the couch
 illumining FLORIMOND, where he stands at the foot.]*

BEAUTY

I see thee now.

I know thy face.

FLORIMOND

Ah, if thou know, be fond!

BEAUTY

What is thy name?

FLORIMOND

My name is Florimond.

BEAUTY

I seem to know. When didst thou come before?

FLORIMOND

I've sighed for thee a thousand years and more.

BEAUTY

Art thou a Prince?

FLORIMOND

I am a prisoner.

BEAUTY

Alas, poor soul!

FLORIMOND

Be my deliverer,

Dear Beauty! Free me!

BEAUTY

How? Where is thy cell?

FLORIMOND

Dost thou not know my prison?

BEAUTY

Nay, but tell!

FLORIMOND

[Sings.]

Prisoned dark, prisoned deep,
Daylight is my dungeon-keep.

SINBAD THE SAILOR

Pageants gay, pageants fair,
 Passing nigh in music there
 Never see my sorrow,
 Where alone I mutely weep
 Morrow and to-morrow.

BEAUTY

Dancing here, dancing there,
 Daylight is my garden fair.
 Passing fleet, passing gay,
 Sudden falls across my play
 Shadow of dim sorrow,
 While I wander debonair —
 Morrow and to-morrow.

FLORIMOND

Passion wild, passion free,
 In my prison, pity me!
 Where the painted silence drips,
 Love, unchain my heart and lips,
 Break my bitter sorrow!
 Loose my soul to live with thee,
 Morrow and to-morrow!

BEAUTY

[Who has risen from the couch, stands in the rose-colored light, looking toward the young Prince, who stands supplicating her.]

Pausing numb, pausing nigh,
 In my heart I hear thee cry :

From my heart, where pity flows,
 In my garden blooms a rose
 Bleeding for thy sorrow,
 For thy sake shall live, or die,
 Morrow and to-morrow!

[*While BEAUTY has sung, the visionary Courtiers and Ladies have entered with their candles, followed by female Dancers, whose forms glisten and glow like glass, harmonizing with the hues of the stained window.*

Taking BEAUTY by the hand, FLORIMOND leads her toward the Courtiers and Ladies, who are laughing and plying merry banter among themselves.]

FLORIMOND

Beauty, thou hast slain my sorrow;
 Pity sets thy lover free.
 Now our merry banns shall be
 Midnight hour and moonlit morrow!

[*With ardent looks for BEAUTY, he points to the window.*]

See how the sickle moon shines rosy fair.

BEAUTY

And thou dost love me?

FLORIMOND

By that moon, I swear!

BEAUTY

[*Looking at the Courtiers and Ladies.*]

Who are those merry folk, that make such sport?

FLORIMOND

Those are my Joys, that come to pay thee court.

[*The Courtiers and Ladies pause in their play, and salaam with their candles.*]

BEAUTY

[*Looking at the Dancers.*]

And what are they — in gold, and rose, and blue?

FLORIMOND

Those are my happy Dreams, that have come true.

[*The Dancers, saluting FLORIMOND and BEAUTY, commence their ballet, which simulates the varied lights of the stained glass, and approximates, in form, a many-colored rose, in the centre of which BEAUTY and FLORIMOND stand — upraised on the wide lid of the chest — and sing, together with the visionary Court, who sway their twinkling lights to the music.*]

ALL

Beauty, thou hast slain our sorrow;

Pity sets her lover free.

Now their merry banns shall be

Midnight hour and moonlit morrow!

[*While the Chorus ceases, — in the midst of the dancing, — FLORIMOND looks at the rose on BEAUTY'S breast, and reaches toward it.*]

FLORIMOND

The frozen rose — oh, give it, love, to me!

BEAUTY

It holds my heart, — and here I give it thee!

[*With a cry of joy, FLORIMOND touches the rose.*

In the same instant the chimes of the clock ring out, and black darkness falls, through which — while the clock sings “Beauty! Beauty!” — a few, faint candle-flames die away and vanish.

As the chimes still play, out of the dark a pale radiance illumines the painting of Prince FLORIMOND, now restored. In that faint glow, BEAUTY is seen, sitting up, startled, on the couch.

Clutching with one hand the frozen rose on her breast, she is staring at the Portrait.

Through the chiming bells, the Voice of the STATELY LADY sings, — as the curtain falls.]

THE VOICE

Awake from dreams :

Trust not what seems!

CURTAIN

ACT THIRD



ACT THIRD

The Portrait has faded, and the window now shines with a light as of hoar-frost. In its centre the glass of the great rose glistens like ice; the rich gules are gone; only the panes sparkle dimly.

Through one of these a moonbeam touches BEAUTY, where she is still sitting upon the couch, listening.

From the Jars a deep muffled snoring sounds, ceases, and sounds again, while on their tops the targets rattle low with the reverberations.

HABOUT! R-rannarr!

BEAUTY

[*Faintly.*]

Who's there?

THE JARS

Habout! R-rannarr!

[*During this, from beyond the left entrance, approaching candlelight casts moving shadows into the hall. Looking toward it, BEAUTY hastily reclines on the cushions, pretending to be asleep.*

Soon, holding a candle, SINBAD enters, clad in long night-gown and night-cap. Glancing toward BEAUTY'S couch, furtively he approaches the chest.]

SINBAD

[*Hooting low.*]

Oolalooloo!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*From within, like a whippoorwill.*]

Pity poor me! Pity poor me!

[*From her cushions, BEAUTY raises her head stealthily
and watches.*]

SINBAD

[*Unfastening the lid, lifts it.*]

Peewee!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Popping her head out.*]

Cuckoo! How's the weather out?

SINBAD

Moonshine!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Unpack me, Jack!

SINBAD

[*Lifting her out.*]

Mum, Birdie!

They're all asleep!

[*The gorgeous robe and train of the PEACOCK LADY are
creased forlornly, her feathery overgarment is ruffled,*

and her irised tail is twisted to one side and partly flattened.]

THE PEACOCK LADY

[Surveying herself.]

I'm simply *crushed!*

SINBAD

Just folded wrong ; you 'll flatten out.

THE PEACOCK LADY

Creased, crumpled, ruffled past recall !

[Hanging on his neck.]

Ruined ! You 'll never love me more !

SINBAD

I *could* not love you *more*, old Bird !

THE PEACOCK LADY

Oh, Jackie, call me not "old Bird,"

Call me "*Teleme*, love's delight !"

I was a Princess once.

SINBAD

Eh ! When

Was that ?

THE PEACOCK LADY

Before I was enchanted.

Hush, we 're alone : I 'll tell you all.

[*She sings.*]

Lover, in the leafy dell,
 Pity poor me!
 List no more to Philomel
 Make melody,
 For a thousand notes more sweet I warble
 well.

Oolalooloo!
 Peewit! Puwee!
 Wirrowou!
 Tereu,
 Cuckoo,
 Pity poor me!

Once I was a Princess bright;
 Pity poor me!
 Till a wizard doomed my sprite
 A bird to be,
 Warbling my sad and wandering ditty, day and
 night.

[SINBAD *joins in the refrain.*]

Oolalooloo!
 Peewit! Puwee!
 Wirrowou!
 Tereu,
 Cuckoo,
 Pity poor me!

Lovers' eyes once deemed me fair;
Pity poor me !
Now in woe I hide me where
No eye can see,
While all little birds my lovelorn burden bear:

[SINBAD *joins in the refrain.*]

Oolalooloo!
Peewit! Puwee!
Wirrowou!
Tereu,
Cuckoo,
Pity poor me!

SINBAD

Cheer up, my Princess Wirrowou!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Leaning on his shoulder.*]

Oh, Jackie, *do* you pity poor me

SINBAD

By Camaralzaman, old Bird,
What would this world be worth without
Vengeance and vice and villainy?
Command me. You shall be henceforth
My Queen of Crime.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*With business-like directness.*]

I take you up!

Where 's your adopted daughter? Where
Is Beauty?

[*BEAUTY, who has been listening, dodges back quickly in
the cushions.*]

SINBAD

Yonder; sleeping.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Moving toward the couch.*]

Let 's

Assassinate her.

SINBAD

[*Holding her arm, coughs uneasily.*]

Wait, not yet!

We need her.

THE PEACOCK LADY

How?

SINBAD

If she refuses

Beast for the third time, he must die.

THE PEACOCK LADY

Peewit! I see: Bring them together
And let *her* slay him.

SINBAD

By refusing!

And then —

THE PEACOCK LADY

Behead her!

SINBAD

Boil is better.

Boil her in oil.

[*BEAUTY moans.*]

THE PEACOCK LADY

Hush: we may wake her.

Come to my bower and we'll conspire.

SINBAD

[*As they go.*]

These forty jars will serve to make
Soup of the whole court.

THE PEACOCK LADY

Beast shall be

Beheaded first before her eyes.

SINBAD

I have an executioner's axe.

THE PEACOCK LADY

Pottage of Beast and Beauty!

SINBAD

Flavored

With marmoset and cockatoo!

[*They steal out together, left, SINBAD lighting the way with his candle. As they go, BEAUTY starts from the couch, and stands weeping. The clock begins to chime and sings again, "Beauty! Beauty!"*]

BEAUTY

[*Answering woefully.*]

It's me. — Dear Stately Lady, is it you?

Oh, did you hear them — what they said? Alas!

THE CLOCK

[*Sings.*]

Trust not what seems!

BEAUTY

Oh, but they said such bad things: I must find
Poor Beast and warn him. Tell me, please, the way!

[*The chimes have ceased and the hall is utterly silent.*]

Dear Lady, are you gone? And must I find
The way alone?

[*She moves a little way and stands trembling.*]

The castle is so big
And dark! My slippers are so cold. The rose
Tickles my breast with frost.

[*Suddenly raising her head, she pauses an instant and then sneezes.*]

Ka-choo!

THE JARS

[*With terrific echo.*]

Ka—choo—oo!

[*BEAUTY, terrified, rushes toward the colonnade, but stops abruptly as the target jumps up from one of the jars, and the head of the CAPTAIN of the FORTY THIEVES sticks out, peering horribly.*]

THE CAPTAIN

[*In sepulchral whisper.*]

Sultana!

BEAUTY

[*Gasping.*]

Oh!

THE CAPTAIN

[*Hissingly.*]

Is 't time?

BEAUTY

[*Crouching down beside the jar, tries to imitate the PEACOCK LADY's warble.*]

Pity poor me!

THE CAPTAIN

Pity poor *me*, you mean! My knees are cracked!
Nix yet?

BEAUTY

Peewit! Not yet.

THE CAPTAIN

My back is cold.

[Sneezing, he pops his head in again and pulls the target tight.]

Ka-choo!

THE JARS

[Reverberating.]

Ka-choo!

BEAUTY

[Running to the couch.]

My lamp! I'll rub my lamp. Help, Genie, help —
Good What's-your-name?

[Lifting the small brass lamp, she rubs it.]

Instantly a vast column of flame-lit smoke and steam belches upward to the ceiling, in the midst of which — his huge limbs half concealed — stands a gigantic GENIE.

From far up in the ruddied dome above BEAUTY'S head his enormous features, shaped like the mask of the DOOR-KNOCKER, peer down at her, where he holds one finger aside of his nose.

In a voice rumbling like thunder, he speaks.]

THE GENIE

Cascheasch!

BEAUTY

[*Dropping the lamp, appalled.*]

Oh, who are you?

THE GENIE

Cascheasch!

BEAUTY

Are you a Genie?

THE GENIE

[*Grinning frightfully.*]

Right you are.

BEAUTY

Were n't you the big Door-Knocker?

THE GENIE

Right you are.

[*He starts to salaam.*]

BEAUTY

[*Alarmed.*]

Don't bow. There is n't room here.

THE GENIE

[*Straightening.*]

Right you are!

[*He continues to grin, and there follows a dreadful pause.*]

BEAUTY

[*Faintly.*]

My name is Beauty.

THE GENIE

Beauty: Right you are.

BEAUTY

Please will you help me — I forget your name —

THE GENIE

Cascheasch.

BEAUTY

[*Wringing her hands.*]

O Cascheasch, save me from the Jars!

THE GENIE

Cascheasch obeys.

[*In his huge hand THE GENIE reaches to BEAUTY
a large roll.*]

BEAUTY

What's that?

THE GENIE

[*Depositing the roll at her feet.*]

The carpet.

BEAUTY

Oh!

What carpet, please?

THE GENIE

The magic carpet.

BEAUTY

Oh!

What is it for?

THE GENIE

To sit on.

BEAUTY

Thank you.

THE GENIE

Not

At all.

BEAUTY,

Why do I sit on it?

THE GENIE

You don't.

BEAUTY

Don't I?

THE GENIE

You will.

BEAUTY

Will I?

THE GENIE

If you are wise.

BEAUTY

Why will I sit on it ?

THE GENIE

To save yourself.

BEAUTY

[Looking toward the jars.]

If they should try to hurt me ?

THE GENIE

[Grinning.]

Right you are.

BEAUTY

[Partly unrolling the rug.]

I thank you.

THE GENIE

Not at all.

BEAUTY

What made you bring it ?

THE GENIE

You rubbed me the right way.

BEAUTY

I'm much obliged.

[With a gracious nod of dismissal.]

Please call again to-morrow.

THE GENIE

[*Tapping his nose with his finger.*]

Right you are !

[*His voice thunders more deeply and, in a great belch of black smoke, he disappears, startling BEAUTY anew — just as SINBAD reënters left, without his cap and night-gown.*]

SINBAD

[*Sniffing the air.*]

I smell my old friend, Cascheasch.

BEAUTY

[*Gravely.*]

Keep away,

Or I will sit on it.

SINBAD

Eh? Sit on what?

[*Approaching.*]

Oho, the magic carpet !

BEAUTY

[*With a reproving look.*]

Keep away !

SINBAD

What's up now, daughter ?

BEAUTY

I am not your daughter.

SINBAD

[*Whistles and stares.*]

Here's mutiny!

BEAUTY

I heard her say so.

SINBAD

Who?

BEAUTY

[*Tearfully.*]

"Adopted!"

SINBAD

Allah!

BEAUTY

[*With increasing sobs.*]

"Assassinate her!"

SINBAD

Lord!

BEAUTY

"Boil her in oil —"

SINBAD

By Abou!

BEAUTY

“Soup.—”

SINBAD

Hold on!

BEAUTY

“Flavored with marmoset and cockatoo!”

Oh, Daddy, Daddy Sinbad!

[BEAUTY *breaks down, with sobs.*]

SINBAD

[*Uneasily, trying to soothe her.*]

Wait a bit,

Beauty!—I did n't know you were awake.

BEAUTY

[*Sinks on her knees, burying her face.*]

Ah, worse and worse!

SINBAD

[*Hovering over her.*]

By Ayoub! I was fooling.

BEAUTY

Fooling?

SINBAD

I mean the Bird!

BEAUTY

[*Peeping up through her tears.*]

The Bird?

SINBAD

I told you

I had a trap to set: a scheme to catch—

BEAUTY

[*Reprovingly.*]

To catch poor Beast!

SINBAD

No, no, poor Birdie!

BEAUTY

Oh!

Then you won't murder Beast?

SINBAD

What nonsense, child!

Am I an ogre?

BEAUTY

No; but ought we not
To warn him 'gainst the wicked Bird?

SINBAD

Not yet!

Just trust your Daddy!

BEAUTY

[*Clinging to him.*]

Oh, I will. Please stay!

I want to tell you of a gentle Prince
Who came to me. He is a prisoner.

SINBAD

They always are, my dear.

BEAUTY

[*Pointing to the Portrait.*]

There hangs his picture.

[*Outside, left, the PEACOCK LADY calls: "Pewee!"*]

SINBAD

A pretty fellow! But I must be gone;
Run back to bed again. You'll catch a cold.

BEAUTY

Don't go!

SINBAD

[*Patting BEAUTY's head.*]

I must, or I may lose my Bird!

[*As he goes off, left, SINBAD pauses a moment at the CAP-
TAIN's jar, lifts the lid, and mutters low.*]

Boul!

THE CAPTAIN

[*Sticking his nose out.*]

Scratch my back. It itches.

SINBAD

Mum there, mum!

Nix till the Cuckoo sings!

THE CAPTAIN

[His teeth chattering, disappears again.]

Brrrrr!

SINBAD

Sleep sound, Beauty!

[He goes out with the candle, leaving BEAUTY alone in the dark. The Jars begin faintly to snore again.]

BEAUTY

Please leave the light! Dear me! What shall I do?

[She calls aloud.]

Oh, Florimond! dear Florimond!

THE VOICE OF BEAST

[Outside.]

I come!

[BEAST rushes in from the right, dressed in a dark night-gown.]

Who harms my lovely Beauty?

BEAUTY

Lackaday!

I called for Florimond.

BEAST

May I not come

In answer to his name?

BEAUTY

[*Shrinking.*]

But you are Beast,

Not Florimond.

THE CLOCK

[*Sings, while the sickle moon appears momentarily above the sphere, illuminating the hall.*]

Trust not what seems!

BEAST

You hear

My mother's voice. Oh, heed her warning. Still
Call *me* your Florimond.

BEAUTY

[*Looking at the Portrait.*]

His picture looks

So kind upon me.

BEAST

With mine eyes he looks.

BEAUTY

Beneath the sickle moon — he swore to love.

BEAST

Once more he swears — beneath the sickle moon!

BEAUTY

[*Gazing where the moon fades away again.*]

Alas! even so he faded in the dark!

Beast, tell me where you have imprisoned him.

BEAST

Ah, slay me not! Once more — this third, last time
I pray: Dear Beauty, will you marry me?

BEAUTY

Dear Beast, my heart is his — my Prince of Dreams.
I cannot marry you.

BEAST

[*Gives a deep cry, staggers and falls to the floor.*]

Io! Farewell!

BEAUTY

[*Bending over him.*]

Beast, are you ill?

BEAST

[*Raising his head feebly, makes a gesture toward the
Portrait.*]

Speak to her, Florimond,

Before you die!

[*BEAST falls back with closed eyes.*

*At the same moment the Portrait of FLORIMOND starts to life,
and gazes with tragic expression toward BEAUTY.*]

BEAUTY

[Sees the glowing picture and rises, amazed.]

You have returned once more!
Oh, speak! Are you alive, my Prince of Dreams?

FLORIMOND

[Sings.]

Beauty, in death my spirit bleeds.
Alas, for still you trust what seems!
Behold where dies the Prince of Deeds:
Good-bye! He was your Prince of Dreams!

BEAUTY

My Prince, how pale you are! Why look you so?

FLORIMOND

I die with Beast.

[The Portrait grows dark, and BEAST starts faintly to a half-sitting posture, reaching toward BEAUTY.]

BEAST

Ai! Pity me, Beauty!

BEAUTY

[Appalled at the faded Portrait.]

Come back!

BEAST

[More faintly.]

Dear Beauty, marry me, or I die!

BEAUTY

No, no, poor Beast. The other loves me. He
Is dying and I love him.

[*At these words, as BEAST falls again prostrate, the Por-
trait of FLORIMOND comes again to life, glowing more
pale than before. Swaying in his frame, he speaks in a
feeble voice.*]

FLORIMOND

Do you love me?

BEAUTY

[*With a joyful cry at his reappearance.*]

More than the world!

FLORIMOND

Then marry Beast!

BEAUTY

[*Stunned.*]

My Prince!

You bid me do this?

FLORIMOND

[*Faintly.*]

Marry Beast!

BEAUTY

Alas!

You love me then no more?

FLORIMOND

[*Still more feebly.*]

Oh, marry Beast!

BEAUTY

[*Turning distractedly to the prostrate form of BEAST.*]

My heart! Where shall I give my heart?

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Entering with lights, left.*]

Cuckoo!

[*At her cry, the scene lights up, the CAPTAIN sticks his head out of his jar, and shouts, "Haboul," whereat the targets fly off the other jars, and the FORTY THIEVES come crawling out, stretching, yawning, scraping their throats, and making all manner of stiff-jointed gestures.*]

THE THIEVES

Haboul, our backs! Rranarr, our ribs!

BEAUTY

Ah, what are these? — Dear Beast, rise up!

They've come to kill you where you lie.

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Screams to the CAPTAIN of the THIEVES, pointing at BEAST.*]

Decapitate! Decapitate!

BEAUTY

[*Turning in despair to the Portrait.*]

Oh, Florimond! — Beast! — Florimond!

[*The Portrait shines very pale, gradually fading paler and paler.*]

THE CAPTAIN

[*Crossing his left foot with the end of his forefinger.*]

My foot 's asleep.

THE THIEVES

[*Walk, half doubled over, holding their sides and backs with groans.*]

Our backs are broke!

THE CAPTAIN

I've caught a cold. Kachoo!

THE THIEVES

[*Sneezing with a roar.*]

Kachoo!

BEAUTY

Help, Daddy Sinbad, help!

SINBAD

[*Entering with an enormous double-edged executioner's axe.*]

Who calls?

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Pointing where BEAST lies.*]

Decapitate!

[*Enter from the right the Enchanted Court, headed by the Baboon Grand Vizier, who enters, shouting.*]

GRAND VIZIER

Down with the Thieves!

[*The Courtiers pause chattering and stand facing the*
THIEVES.]

BEAUTY

[*Calls supplicatingly.*]

Daddy!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*Commandingly.*]

Ho! Jack!

SINBAD

[*Roars fiercely, turning round and round and brandishing his axe with great sweeps.*]

Who calls?

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*To the CAPTAIN, pointing at BEAUTY.*]

Seize her!

Boil her in oil! Boil her in oil!

THE CAPTAIN

[*Rushing toward BEAUTY with great limps, points his pronged fork at her with yells of savage laughter.*]

Haha! Haha! Hahahaha!!

[*Behind him, the other THIEVES make toward BEAUTY with similar contortions and yelling laughter.*]

BEAUTY

[*Who has unrolled the rug before her, now jumps into the middle of it and sits down.*]

Cascheasch, preserve me!

[*With arms outstretched, the yelling THIEVES rush to seize BEAUTY; but just as they reach her, the rug rises into the air above their heads, wafting BEAUTY with it toward the back of the hall. Simultaneously a great Voice reverberates like thunder.*]

THE VOICE OF CASCHEASCH

Right you are!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Harpoon her! Harpoon her!

THE THIEVES

[*Dancing with rage beneath the rug, shake aloft their pronged forks.*]

Shacabac! Shacabac!

SINBAD

[*Brandishing his axe above the body of BEAST.*]

Who calls?

BEAUTY

[*Kneeling on the rug, and praying.*]

O Stately Lady, hear!

GRAND VIZIER

[*To his chattering Court.*]

Destroy the Thieves!

[*The Enchanted Court run timidly toward the THIEVES,
who turn and greet them savagely.*]

THE THIEVES

Boul! Boul! Haboul!

[*Each Thief, seizing a Cockatoo, or an Ape, grapples, hurls
his antagonist to the ground, and stands triumphant
with long fork, threatening.*]

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*To the CAPTAIN of the FORTY THIEVES.*]

Haboul! Prepare the pickling jars!

[*To SINBAD, pointing at BEAST.*]

Decapitate, I say!

BEAUTY

[*Calling from above.*]

No, no!

SINBAD

[*To the CAPTAIN.*]

Prepare the execution block!

BEAUTY

[*From above.*]

No! Spare him! Mercy!

THE PEACOCK LADY

[*To the CAPTAIN, who brings a footstool and lays BEAST'S
head on it.*]

Under the neck!

SINBAD

[*To the CAPTAIN.*]

A bowl to catch the gore!

THE PEACOCK LADY

Be quick!

BEAUTY

O Stately Lady, let me die
Instead. — Let me go down to him!

SINBAD

[*To the PEACOCK LADY, raising the axe to strike, as the
CAPTAIN brings a big brass bowl.*]

Stand back!

BEAUTY

[*With a shrill cry.*]

Dear Beast, I love you!

THE VOICE OF THE STATELY LADY

[*Sounds loud and clear.*]

Peace!

[*With her call, a low rumbling thunder begins and the rug on which BEAUTY kneels is wafted down again beside the body of BEAST.*

As it reaches the floor, the low rumbling bursts with a deep peal and crash: utter blackness falls, filled with the rolling thunder and flashes of lightning, out of which the Voice of the STATELY LADY sings again clearly.]

Be broken, Spell! Enchantment, cease!

[*Out of the blackness, on the right, a burst of shining butterflies lights up the hall, revealing the Enchanted Court transformed; the butterflies hover above the head of the STATELY LADY, whose sculptured clock is changed to a bower of red roses.*

She herself, clad in rose-color, steps down into the hall, surrounded by the twelve Dancing Figures of Act First.

They approach BEAUTY, where she stands gazing down at the prostrate body, which now raises the head of FLORIMOND from the block and returns her gaze.

Above them, the groups of THIEVES and Courtiers are reversed in posture — the thieves lying prostrate beneath

*the uplifted scimitars of the transformed Courtiers —
now human.*

*At one side, SINBAD is gazing in surprise at his companion,
the Bird, whose face is transformed to a brilliant dark
lady, with raven black locks and headdress of peacock
feathers.*

*In the background the Portrait has disappeared, and in its
place the vast door-knocker face of CASCHEASCH, the
Genie, stares at the scene, grinning.]*

FLORIMOND

[To BEAUTY, raising his head from the footstool.]

Thy love hath saved me.

BEAUTY

*[Drawing back, astounded, as the young Prince rises
beside her.]*

Art thou Florimond?

But where is Beast?

THE STATELY LADY

[Approaching them both with her silver sickle.]

Transformèd, by my wand,
To be himself again.

FLORIMOND

Give me once more

The frozen rose!

BEAUTY

[*Touching it, as he takes it from her breast.*]

I gave it thee before.

FLORIMOND

[*Lifting it, transformed.*]

But now it blooms!

BEAUTY

[*Delightedly.*]

Red — red! with bright green leaves!

FLORIMOND

[*Pointing to the other groups.*]

And lo! my Court confounds the Forty Thieves!

THE COURTIERS AND LADIES

[*Shouting and waving their scimitars above the THIEVES.*]

Florimond! Beauty!

Sultan! Sultana!

SINBAD

[*As FLORIMOND embraces BEAUTY.*]

A wedding! By Haroun! I like that tune.

[*To the STATELY LADY, pointing to her sickle.*]

Pray hand me that.

THE STATELY LADY

What for?

SINBAD

A honeymoon!

[*Taking the PEACOCK LADY's hand, he presents her, salaaming before them.*]

Sultan! Sultana! Seven voyages I
 Have sailed, but now I beg one more to try.
 Beseech you, pack your chests and put to sea.
 Come! — I invite you all to voyage with me!

BEAUTY

Oh, Daddy, where?

SINBAD

Upon a wedding spree!

[*Saluting the assembled Court, SINBAD mounts the chest with the PEACOCK LADY.*

At this a general commotion occurs in the hall. FLORIMOND and BEAUTY, attended by the twelve Dancing Hours, cross to the throne chair, behind which the STATELY LADY stands; while the Courtiers release the FORTY THIEVES, who spring up, joining the others in shouts of acclaim.]

ALL

Sinbad! Teleme!

Florimond! Beauty!

Sultan! Sultana!

[*With a gesture SINBAD silences them.*

During his song the FORTY THIEVES, assisted now by the Courtiers and Ladies, begin to pack their jars with

turbans, veils, and various articles handed to them by the others.

SINBAD, *while he sings, exchanges with the PEACOCK LADY looks of gallantry and courtship.*]

SINBAD

Come, voyage with me on a wedding spree,
 For a Peacock is my lovely pal;
 To Kilakkari we'll sail, and marry,
 From Kilakkari to Karikal!

ALL

Come, sail to marry, to marry, to marry,
 From Karikal to Kilakkari!

SINBAD

My daughter Beauty has done her duty,
 But the old Bird is my gallant gal;
 So to Kilakkari we'll sail, and marry,
 From Kilakkari to Karikal!

ALL

SINBAD AND PEACOCK LADY. Wirrouwoo! Cuckoo!

STATELY LADY. Beauty! Beauty!

FLORIMOND AND BEAUTY. I love thee true!

CASCHEASCH. We've done our duty!

TOGETHER. So we're off to marry, to
 marry, to marry,
 From Karikal to Kilak-
 kari!

[While the Chorus is singing, a soft, silting snow begins to fall in the foreground, forming a filmy white curtain, which grows denser and denser, gradually concealing the festive hall, where the merry singing and music sound fainter and fainter as the Theatre Curtain falls.]

FINIS



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